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TAMMANY'S TAX ON CRIME.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY,

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THE ANTI-SPOILS LEAGUE.

IN the State of New York as well as elsewhere two important problems, aside from the national politics of the day, are occupying the minds of thinking and patriotic citizens. One is the reformation of municipal government, especially in our large cities, and the other is the abolition of machine rule in our political parties. These two problems are essentially one and the same. The reason why our large municipalities are ill governed is simply that their governments have fallen into the hands of very selfish and unscrupulous men, and that when the outraged and indignant community occasionally succeeds in driving these out of power by a general uprising the same class of men will contrive to return to office as soon as the spasm of popular indignation has subsided. And the cause of this is, in great part at least, that our municipal officers have a mass of patronage to dispose of, by a skilful distribution of which they are enabled to organize a following of equally selfish persons, who, with their dependents and friends and with the usually large number of expectants, constitute a strong voting force at the command of the chiefs. This voting force, well organized and drilled, and obeying the constant impulse of self-interest, is always ready for united action, while many of the citizens not belonging to it will not go to any trouble about public affairs unless called forth by an uncommon excitement. Of course the greater the mass of such patronage is, the more power it will put into the hands of the political chiefs who dispose of it. It is therefore their natural desire and endeavor to extend the area of patronage as much as possible, regardless of the public interest.

The so-called machine in a political party rests upon the same foundation. It is an organization of active politicians under a few general chiefs and a large number of local leaders who manage the distribution of the patronage in States and districts, and who have an organized following of beneficiaries and expectants behind them. Through this force, which is always alert and ready to do their bidding, the chiefs control caucuses and conventions, and impose their will upon political parties at large. The power of the party machine, too, will be the greater the more patronage there is to distribute. In both cases it is the organization of selfishness, with the patronage as an object and a means, that causes the mischief. In both cases the public interest is harmed by turning the instrumentalities through which the public is to be served into means for the advancement of private interests, and by thus instigating and facilitating the organized participation in politics of the greedy and unscrupulous for selfish ends. And in neither case can a remedy be devised that will be thoroughly efficacious unless it embraces systematic measures to deprive this selfishness in municipal as well as in State and national politics of its incitements and its sustenance by restricting the area of patronage to the narrowest possible limits.

The patronage consists of places in public employment drawing salaries or wages, and of contracts for public work from which the contractors expect to derive profit. While such contracts are a matter of great interest to a comparatively small number of persons, the patronage in the shape of places in the public employment, of which there are many, and which are supposed to promise good pay for comparatively little work, attracts to politics large numbers of just that class of people who as public servants are the most worthless, but furnish the most serviceable henchmen to the city bosses and the leaders of party machines, and thus give these bosses and machine leaders their power in caucuses and conventions and at the polls. Here is, therefore, a vital point to be kept in view by those who strive to reform our municipalities and to abolish machine rule in political parties. It is certainly not to be denied that by making a vigorous warfare upon bad men in places of power, by effective ballot laws, by corrupt practices acts, by devising means to facilitate the nomination and support of independent candidates, by regulating primaries, and the like, great good may be accomplished. But so long as that system is permitted to exist which enables those in power, by the arbitrary distribution of public places, to attach to themselves the needy and the greedy, and to organize, subject to their command, large masses of beneficiaries and expectants and their friends and dependents, just so long the evils we now complain of will always recur in spite of occasional personal changes; for the seductions of power as well as the facilities for its abuse to selfish purpose will then remain always the same.

To make the reformation of such evils substantial and enduring it is necessary to stop the sources from which their vitality springs. Take from municipal officers the power to distribute places as mere rewards or bribes, and the municipal offices will soon be filled by men of a higher order. Strip Tammany Hall of the patronage at its disposal, not only by defeating the Tammany candidates at the polls, but by restricting to the utmost the patronage system, so that Tammany will have not only no more places to give, but no more places to promise, and the organization will soon go to pieces. Deprive the leaders of the State machines, the HILLS and the SHEEHANS and the PLATTS, of the same power, and they will soon cease to control caucuses and conventions through their henchmen. Not only will they disappear themselves, but they will have no successors equally capable of mischief.

Thus is civil service reform an essential condition of municipal reform and of the reformation of practical politics. The sooner this fact is recognized by all concerned the better. There is no doubt that this conviction is rapidly gaining ground among all classes of thinking men. It is important that the public opinion on this subject, which is forming in wide circles, should be made to become manifest and to tell. The National Civil Service Reform League has undertaken this task. The immediate constituency of the league has so far consisted of the members of the various civil service reform associations throughout the country. It has now set on foot a popular movement towards the abolition of the spoils system under the national, State, and municipal governments by a general enrolment of voters who favor the elevation of our political life to a higher plane by the restriction of the distribution of offices as patronage to the narrowest limits, and by the greatest possible extension of the merit system as exemplified in the existing reform laws. The citizens so enrolled will be members of the Anti-Spoils League. Their only duty as members will be to permit the use of their names, and to put forth on their part, within the circle of their influence, every possible effort, towards the extinguishment of the spoils abuses which have been so fruitful of harm to the public interest and of dishonor to the American name. We are happy to learn that the enrolment is proceeding rapidly, and we cannot commend this movement too highly to the active sympathy of all good citizens, especially to those who have the reformation of municipal government and of party politics at heart.

THE TARIFF AND WAGES.

FROM many quarters we hear of reductions of wages in manufacturing establishments, and from more we hear threats of reduction in case the WILSON bill becomes law. The reductions which have actually been made are the results of the business depression, which is due primarily to the panic of last summer and the inevitably slow and painful process of recovery. The threatened reductions are vociferously declared to be the necessary result of the lower duties. For twenty years it has been preached and proclaimed that a high tariff makes wages high, and that a low tariff means a reduction of wages to the pauper limit of Europe. We are told that now we shall have the proof of the pudding in the eating. What is the truth of the matter?

The notion that the general high range of wages in the United States is due to the high protective system is really one of the most preposterous of the many preposterous ideas on economic subjects which have had vogue in this country. The reader who will look in the books on political economy to see what they have to say about wages and about the causes which make them high and low will find plenty of difference of opinion on this topic among the economists; but the one thing he will not find any reputable writer to say is that the protective system makes wages high or that a free-trade system makes them low. If the books are supposed to be the works of abstract theorists, who keep far from the realities of life, we need only regard a few simple and obvious facts of history to discover that a high tariff cannot be the cause of high wages. This country has tried almost every sort of tariff system, beginning in 1789 with duties which the protectionists of our day would consider outrageously low, and ending a century later in the MCKINLEY tariff act, with duties which the free-trader considers outrageously high. Throughout all the vacillations of tariff policy, under revenue tariffs and moderate tariffs and extreme tariffs, wages here have been steadily higher than in European countries. The simple explanation is that this is a country of rich and abundant resources, developed by an active, energetic, and ingenious people, in which the great productiveness of industry insures a high range of material welfare. Wages with us are high from permanent and abiding causes, and, fortunately, do not depend on tariff legislation or any other artificial prop.

With this it is not inconsistent to admit freely that the wages of some particular classes of laborers in some limited groups of manufacturing industries may be seriously affected by the duties. The high duties of the last generation have forced into existence some industries in which the efficiency of labor and capital is not up to the general average, and in which the manufacturer who pays high wages to his workmen is not compensated by their greater skill, energy, and productiveness. In industries of this sort the free competition of foreign producers, paying lower wages, would compel either a reduction of wages or an abandonment of the industry. Where there is really such a connection between the duties and high wages every one would say that Congress should proceed with the utmost care, and should not expose to a sudden reversal of fortune or a sudden change of occupation the workmen whom our tariff legislation has induced to enter into weak-kneed industries. The same is true of the capital embarked in them. Vested rights should receive their due consideration. We believe they have received their due consideration in the WILSON bill. There may be reductions that go beyond the danger-line in some particular duties; but have we not been authoritatively told that even the MCKINLEY bill made a mistake or two? The common-sense and the political interest of the Democrats may be trusted to prevent them from making changes that promise to be really destructive; and the testimony of the protected manufacturers as to the effect of duties must be received with the same allowances as the pleading of a lawyer for his client.

But the number of shaky and dependent industries, as compared with the whole manufacturing system, is insignificant; and in any case there is no threat of free competition from abroad. From the clamor which has been raised it might be supposed that the WILSON bill gave up all protective duties entirely, and that all foreign goods were going to come in on easy terms. The fact is that the WILSON bill is a careful and conservative measure, and that the duties, even as reduced, still leave a large margin of protection for the domestic manufacturer. It must be remembered, too, that the temptation to make partisan capital out of reductions and threats of reductions of wages is one of the many bad results of that unfortunate alliance of politics and manufacturing which has marked the history of the last ten years. The manufacturer who objects to the WILSON bill because it will cut down his profits or compel him to introduce economies and improve his methods to meet foreign competition is likely to proclaim that he will reduce wages, just as he will virtually compel his operatives to sign petitions against the tariff bill, all with the hope of staving off the inevitable. No doubt, too, many manufacturers are in good faith fearful of the consequences of the proposed measure. They have been told for years that their business depends upon the tariff, and that they cannot pay their wages unless bolstered up by the tariff. They are fearful and uncertain of what may happen, and they join in the general alarm. Under these conditions the thing to do is to pass the tariff act with all possible speed, and get the element of uncertainty out of the way. When this is done it will appear that the cry of wolf has been raised for naught, and that the labor of the country is in no danger from a loosening of the bands which have fettered our industry and enterprise.

THE ODIOUS INCOME TAX.

THE present Congress is confronted with a fact which, next to war and loss of sovereignty, is the most serious that a state can be called upon to face. That fact is an excess, at the end of the present fiscal year, of expenditure over revenue.

How large it will be no one knows. Many capable experts estimate that the deficit will be nearly twice as much as Secretary CARLISLE declared in his recent annual report, which sum was 28 millions of dollars. What, under existing laws, the excess of outgo over income will be in the fiscal year 1895 is the merest conjecture, for the budget problem then will depend on a variety of things now unknown and unknowable.

It is reasonably certain that no taxation-reform legislation can be enacted in time to get the needed money to pay all current expenses for the present fiscal year, which will expire at the end of next June, and therefore selling bonds—a wretched expedient—seems necessary.

Congress can, however, provide by new and better Federal taxing laws for the next fiscal year.

What shall be the character of those laws?

When President CLEVELAND on December 7, 1887, sent to Congress his annual message, devoted solely to revenue and taxation, the excess of revenue over expenditure for the year ended June 30, 1887, had been $55,567,849 54. That was an enormous surplus. He denounced its existence as a wrong—as bad finance and bad economy. He urged Congress to reduce the "*amount* of money annually exacted from the industries and necessities of the peo-

ple." He estimated the surplus in the Treasury on June 30, 1888, including accumulation, could not be less than 140 millions. That vast sum has all disappeared!

The CLEVELAND message of 1887 urged not only a diminution of the *sum* of customs taxes, which then was $217,286,893 annually, but a radical reform of the *methods* of those taxes, and a reform in order to uplift the burdens which pressed so severely on the springs of all our industries. The tariff bill which passed the House as the "MILLS bill," was the outcome. There are many who think the defeat of CLEVELAND'S candidacy in 1888 came of revolt against that bill; that HARRISON'S defeat in 1892 came of revolt against the MCKINLEY law and the doings of MR. REED'S House of Representatives in the matter of excessive expenditures. However that may be, a reform of the *methods* of tariff taxation was the chief if not the only real issue last November. The Treasury silver-purchasing folly, and the emitting of more full legal-tender greenbacks, were not in debate as an issue.

How much responsibility is to be assigned to excessive taxation, or silver-purchasing, or greenback inflation, or needless expenditures, or imprudent speculative investments in the South or West, or refusal by Congress to act promptly—the crisis of last summer came, and its results are now depressing every industry in the land. The inevitable result is the existing excess at Washington of expenditure over revenue.

The first thing to be done by Congress is to give the Treasury needed money for the year of 1894, and the second is to perfect a plan of taxation for 1895.

On the latter thing the Ways and Means Committee of the House, in which such legislation must originate, has deliberated, and has emitted a tariff bill which Secretary CARLISLE estimates will yield only 122 millions, and that 50 millions more must be had than will come from the WILSON bill and existing laws. He advised Congress to obtain that needed sum by new taxes (1) on distilled spirits at the rate of ten cents a gallon; (2) on cigars, cigarettes, playing-cards, etc.; (3) on legacies and successions; and (4) on incomes derived from investments in stocks and bonds of corporations, or, in a word, a partial income tax. President CLEVELAND advised, in his recent annual message, new taxes on only individual incomes from corporations—a partial income tax.

The Democratic members of the Ways and Means Committee have concurred in neither of the suggestions, but have decided to report an increase of the tax on distilled spirits, and a new tax on all the incomes of individuals above four thousand dollars, from every source.

An obvious comment on the situation is—first, that the Democratic committee has not devised tariff schedules to get what Secretary CARLISLE says will be needed therefrom in 1895, which will be 184 millions at least; secondly, that the Democratic committee has repudiated the leadership in that important matter of the President and the head of the Treasury; and, third, that the six Democrats thus repudiating Executive advice are MCMILLIN of Tennessee, TURNER of Georgia, WHITING of Michigan, BRYAN of Nebraska, BYNUM of Indiana, and TARSNEY of Missouri.

President CLEVELAND has been put in a position to realize how difficult it is for a leader to govern without a united party in Congress. He has perhaps already felt how difficult it is to govern for a party and at the same time for the whole people.

The advice by the President to inflict a partial income tax, and the decision by the Democrats on the Ways and Means Committee to inflict a general tax on all incomes above four thousand dollars a year, are, in our opinion, inexpedient and unwise, and will be fraught with great unforeseen dangers. All the needed Federal revenue can be raised by tariff schedules skilfully arranged and adjusted.

A Federal income tax is offensive to the conservative men of the East without regard to party ties. It will not be patiently endured. It will slay any party responsible for its enactment in time of peace. It will be a brutal weapon of war, and should be reserved only for war. It will be inquisitorial, and will lead to venality in the official assessors, "tips" to them, and perjury by the tax-payers. It will be worse in that regard than custom-house taxation. It will expose to one another the secrets of merchants, traders, and manufacturers. Its details cannot be kept out of the newspapers. It will breed government extravagance in expenditure. It is socialistic in aim and object, as the enormous four thousand exemption clearly shows. It will surely lead to a progressing and confiscating income tax. It is urged in the South and West to plunder Eastern, and especially New York estates, and compel their property to pay nearly all Federal expenses. It will be a thumb-screw and scourge of war in a time of profound peace. Equality of income and outgo can be had without it.

There is another fatal objection to any form of an income tax, which is that so many wise and eminent lawyers believe it to be a "direct tax," and an unconstitutional tax unless the sum desired therefrom be apportioned among the States according to population. No prudent Congressman should be willing to run full tilt against the profound convictions of so many of his countrymen who belong to a profession whose business it is to give sound advice in matters of law, and never to be controlled as a body by class interests.

THE AMERICAN CHURCH HISTORY SOCIETY.

THE increasing interest in historical studies finds a new illustration in the minute attention now given by American scholars to the study of church history. While many of the American religious bodies have long had their organizations for the study of their denominational record, the American Church History Society crosses the confessional boundaries, and includes the Catholic as well as all shades of Protestant faith. It is not a society for the study of the American Church alone, but an *American* society for the study of the Church in all communions and in all lands.

The sixth annual session was held in New York on the 27th and 28th of December. It was a notable meeting. The Rev. Dr. PHILIP SCHAFF, the founder of the society, and its president from the beginning, having died in October last, one session was very appropriately devoted to memorial papers. The breadth of his personal character, the wealth of his literary productiveness, and the sympathy of his nature were singularly manifested in the fact that each of the eight writers of these memorial papers represented a different confession. What must have been the irenic career of a man of whom Dr. FISHER could be charged with the work of writing as a church historian, Dr. CHAMBERS as a Bible student and reviser, Bishop HURST as uniting Teutonic and Anglo-Saxon scholarship, Dr. HAMLIN as promoting the alliance of the Reformed churches, Dr. JACOBS as benefiting the Lutheran Church, Dr. TIFFANY as related to the Protestant Episcopal Church, and Dr. RICHARDSON as kindly and helpful to young theologians? Dr. SHAHAN even discussed the lamented historian's generous and noble relation to the Church of Rome. Where are we? In what century do we live? What with SCHAFF'S tireless promotion of the Evangelical Alliance, with his uncompromising treatment of the great Reformation, and with his philippics against the Roman hierarchy, here is a Roman Catholic priest paying tribute to the foremost Protestant historian of the great school of NEANDER. The next thing we hear will probably be that "Our CHAUNCEY" has paid filial court to LEO XIII. Indeed, has it not already been done, and in such way as to delight every citizen of both Peekskill and the Vatican?

The separate works which Dr. SCHAFF wrote, including those he edited and translated, amount to about eighty, and while his *History of the Christian Church* was considered by himself as being his best, more than one speaker at the annual meeting pronounced his *Creeds of Christendom*, published by the HARPERS in 1877, to be his masterpiece. This no doubt will be the verdict of posterity. The cause which rules out the church history is that at best it is only a large and noble fragment, the later Middle Ages being untreated, of the Reformation only Calvinistic Switzerland being described, and the post-Reformation period not entered upon at all. The *Creeds of Christendom*, on the other hand, is at once elaborate and complete. No further history of the Christian symbols needs to be written for a century, or, at any rate, until the symbols shall have made more history.

The topics of the church history programme were fresh and varied, and admitted of a wide range of discussion. SCHMOLKE, the great German hymnist of the early part of the eighteenth century, was described by Dr RANKIN, of Washington, Bishop ASBURY, by Dr. LOWRY, of New York; apostolic succession, by Mr VEDDER, of New York; prayers for the dead, by Archdeacon WILLIAMS, of Washington; the Gospel of St. Peter, by Dr MCGIFFERT, of New York; St. THOMAS AQUINAS, by Dr O'GORMAN, of the Catholic University of Washington, the contest for religious liberty in Massachusetts, by Dr. BURRAGE, of Maine, Faust and the Clementine Recognitions, by Dr RICHARDSON, of Princeton. The usage of the society is to give opportunity for voluntary discussion on each topic after the reading of the assigned paper Professor EGBERT C. SMYTH, of Andover, added largely to the interest of the session by his fresh and original discussion of several subjects, especially where they bore on his own favorite department, the Early Church. The two topics which attracted most attention were prayers for the dead and the recently discovered Gospel of St. Peter The Rev Dr S. M JACKSON, the secretary of the society, gave a full report of its condition, and a complete account of Dr SCHAFF'S relation to it from the beginning. Dr. JACKSON was re-elected secretary, and Bishop HURST was elected president, to succeed Dr SCHAFF.

The society numbers among its members the foremost scholars in church history in this country and in Europe. The foreign or corresponding members are for the most part connected with the leading universities of Great Britain and the Continent, the whole association thus forming a bond as broad as Christendom for the pursuit of studies in ecclesiastical history

The society publishes an annual volume giving a complete list of publications for the year in all departments of historical theology, and in all languages, together with a reproduction of all the papers read at the preceding annual session. The bibliographical literature thus placed within the easy reach of the student of church history is incomparable in value, and in the last volume occupied fifty-eight pages. The five volumes already published constitute a historical library in themselves, which has already taken its place in the permanent history of both Europe and America.

The most important direct service of the society to this country is the series of twelve volumes treating the denominational history of the American churches. This series was projected three years ago under the editorial supervision of a special committee, consisting of Dr. SCHAFF, Bishop POTTER, Dr. FISHER, Bishop HURST, Dr. WOLF, Mr. VEDDER, and Dr. JACKSON. Already two volumes have appeared—*The Religious Forces of the United States*, by HENRY K. CARROLL, LL.D., a member of the society, and the superintendent of the religious statistics of the eleventh census; and *A History of the Evangelical Lutheran Church*, by Dr. HENRY E. JACOBS. This large undertaking, a history of all the American churches, is in harmony with the catholic spirit of the society, and is the first effort on the part of all the great ecclesiastical bodies to have the story of each church told by one of its foremost adherents, the whole series forming a harmonious history of the religious forces of the whole nation.

CIGARETTES IN THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

MR. CHARLES BULKLEY HUBBELL, of the Board of Education, is doing a laudable thing in trying to abate the cigarette nuisance in the public schools. An impressive case of cigarette-poisoning that recently came to his notice prompted him to try to start an anti-cigarette-smoking league among the school-boys of the city, and his first move was to prepare a pledge which binds its subscribers not to smoke cigarettes until they are twenty-one years old. This pledge he read to the boys of three schools, and found them all willing to sign it. He hopes, now that his efforts have been endorsed by the Board of Education, to establish his league in all the public schools of the city.

MR. HUBBELL finds the teachers of the public schools very much alive to the evils of the cigarette habit among boys, and already active in some cases for its suppression. Among them is Principal ELGAS, of Grammar-school No. 69, who has fought the cigarette in his school ever since the school was organized, seventeen years ago. As a consequence of his determined vigilance Mr. ELGAS is able to say that he does not believe there are more than half a dozen cigarette-smokers among all his four hundred boys. His abhorrence of cigarettes as founded on his experience with boys is startling in its earnestness. When he recognizes a new boy as a cigarette-smoker (and the signs of the vice are so patent as to be easily detected), he sets out at once to break him of his habit, and he says if that cannot be done it is practically useless to try to do anything else for him. His experience with the incorrigible cigarette-smoker is that his power of attention becomes so impaired and his intellect so weakened that he cannot be made to study, and cannot make headway even when he tries. Morally he deteriorates into a liar, who denies that he smokes, and confesses only when he is found out. If money is kept from him to prevent his buying cigarettes, he will steal it. He plays truant, gives lying excuses to his parents and teachers, forms the lowest associations, and sinks rapidly and helplessly into the condition of a wreck. Even cigarette-smoking boys who do not fall into such deplorable excess early find study irksome, lose their desire for knowledge, and are anxious, Mr. ELGAS says, "not to go to college, but to get into business, which represents to their immature foresight relief from mental application, and from supervision and restraint."

This may seem to be an overdrawn picture, but we know from sorrowful observation that it is truthful and accurate to the last particular No doubt multitudes of boys smoke cigarettes to their detriment, but without reaching such a ruinous excess. It would be deplorable indeed if every boyish cigarette-smoker went to ruin. But for the weak boy who has thoroughly succumbed to the habit there are no depths of misery or depravity that do not gape. Such a lad quickly becomes rotten timber that will not hold nails, and of which nothing useful can be made.

The use of cigarettes is not merely the use of tobacco, it is a vice by itself. In reformatories where the cure of the opium, alcohol, and cigarette habits is a business, cigarette patients are not restricted from smoking cigars or pipes, which are regarded as comparatively harmless. The cigarette works a special evil of its own which tobacco in other forms does not effect. This evil result may be due to drugs, or to the paper wrappers, or to the fact that the smoke of cigarettes is almost always inhaled into the lungs, while cigar-smoke is not. As to that, let the experts decide; about the fact of the effect there is no doubt, and no dearth of evidence. No other form of tobacco eats into the will as cigarettes do The adult man can carry off a good deal of poison of one kind or another without disaster, and his duties being fixed and his will formed, he is usually able to make his minor vices subservient to his more important obligations. And so it happens that it is a matter of constant observation in clubs, and wherever there are intelligent men who allow themselves all the creature indulgences that they dare, that these experienced persons are constantly "swearing off" cigarettes for longer or shorter periods, and smoking cigars instead The cigarette fetter begins to gall, and they fling it off. But young boys do not do that. They have not discretion enough, for one thing, and, for another, cigars cost too much for them, and cannot be smoked surreptitiously in a spare moment. It is the infernal cheapness of the cigarette and its adaptability for concealment that tempt this school-boy's callow intelligence.

There is of course no doubt that boys did go to the bad even before cigarettes were invented, and HOGARTH'S pictures of the idle apprentice attest that there are more ways than one of getting the downward start. But cigarettes are bad enough, insidious enough, dangerous enough, above all to boys, to justify the most earnest warning, and the extremest endeavors to drive them out of the schools. The efforts of such men as Mr. HUBBELL and Mr. ELGAS are directed against a very real and threatening abomination, and the WEEKLY bespeaks for them the backing they deserve, and wishes them the utmost possible success.

A BIT OF ELIZABETHAN CALIFORNIA.

BY THE RT. REV. WILLIAM F. NICHOLS,
Bishop of California.

SOME eleven centuries before it was called England, the country of the white cliffs was named Albion. And a generation before there was a New England on the Atlantic, there was a New Albion on the Pacific coast of the New World. In the British Museum the "side plan" of the map of Hondius, 1595, shows the *Portus Novæ Albionis* with all the quaint features of the old cartography: the ship of Sir Francis Drake, nearly as long as the width of the point of

SIR FRANCIS DRAKE
The Discoverer of California.

land which makes the "conuenient and fit harborough" of the narrative of the voyage in *The World Encompassed*. The natives, the trees, houses, and mountains, take all sorts of liberties with perspective, but leave no room for mistake about the purport of the sketch. "This country our General [Drake] named Albion," says the writer of the narrative—probably Francis Fletcher, Drake's chaplain and chronicler—"and that for two causes, the one in respect of the white bancks and cliffes which lie toward the sea, the other that it might have some affinity euen in name also with our country, which was sometime so called."

So long as a historic event is without its definite historic spot, and may have happened in any one of several places claimed for it, the antiquary can never find his true relish of it. We remember the story of the unsophisticated visitor to Mount Vernon who wept copiously at the ice-house, until informed by the gardener that the tomb was "further on," but she obviously had not the true instinct of the antiquary. That will not let one rest until he is sure of the historic spot, if there be any way of settling it. Much interest has been drawn to and considerable has been written about the landing of Sir Francis Drake on that memorable voyage when, with the *Pelican*—afterwards named the *Golden Hinde*, in honor of Sir Christopher Hatton's coat of arms—he "ploughed a furrow around the world." Not to speak of the works of the Hakluyt Society, and the older accounts of the voyage, the editor of *The History of the American Episcopal Church*, Bishop Perry, called attention to the fact that to Francis Fletcher, Drake's chaplain, "belongs the honor of being the first in English orders who ministered the Word and Sacraments within the territory of the United States," and that at Drake's landing-place "the words of the Common Prayer were first heard on the Pacific Coast." Dr. Edward Everett Hale, in the *Narrative and Critical History of America*, furnishes a chapter on Hawkins and Drake, followed by a "Critical Essay on Drake's Bay," all of which has his characteristic charm of telling and of carrying the reader with him. The "Editorial Notes on the Sources of Information" which follow Dr. Hale's contribution give an exhaustive list of authorities and views. And yet the question where the "faire and good bay" was had to be left undecided, with a preponderating opinion in favor of San Francisco Bay. There was really, when all was said, no such case made out for any point as to relieve the mind of the lurking suspicion that, after all, it might have been at some other point.

It was not until March, 1889, that a paper was read before the California Historical Society which had the assuring title "Identification of Sir Francis Drake's Anchorage on the Coast of California in the year 1579." The writer was Professor George Davidson, Ph.D., Sc.D., of the United States Coast and Geodetic Survey. With the fulness and compactness of a brief, and yet with the style and accessories of an enthusiastic student, he justifies his title. After referring to his gathering in "unofficial hours" notes of his geographical experience upon this coast since 1850, and to the opinion which he first entertained that "Drake entered the Bay of San Francisco," he tells us that his work upon the different editions of the *Coast Pilot* impelled him to "examine the localities mentioned by the old navigators, to weigh carefully their simple language, the circumstances attending their descriptions, whether they were in detail or in broad generalizations, at what season of the year they were made, etc." The paper leaves one with the impression that the last word has been said, and that the bay so long known as Drake's Bay is entitled to its name.

We honor the pioneers of '49 in California with the name of Argonauts, and it is of interest to find the chronicler of Drake's voyage around the world avowing that his "valiant enterprize . . . . doth ouermatch the ancient Argonautes." A considerable space is given in *The World Encompassed* to the time spent at Drake's Bay, from June 17 to July 23, 1579. It will repay careful study from many stand-points. It might well be called Experiences and Impressions of California in 1579. The ethnological student will find much about the natives, their customs, and even about their language. There is a lengthy dissertation about climate, with a tribute to "thicke mists and . . . . fogges." There had been gold-prospecting—there were riches and treasures "wherewith in the upland countries it abounds." Another account adds, "There is no part of earth here to bee taken up wherein there is not some speciall likelihood of gold or silver." And for archæological zest there are hints about Drake's ship and discipline to project before us the "English Hero."

> "Drake, whom the encompassed World so fully knew,
> When both the Poles of Heaven at once did view,
> If men are silent, Sun and Stars will care
> To register their Fellow Traveller."

The praise in this verse is far from faint; and the claim of originality in making "passengaire" rhyme with "care" in Mr. Clemens's celebrated verse must now be waived. But we see Drake as Charles Kingsley pictures him in *Westward Ho*—"that short, sturdy, plainly dressed [but on this particular voyage he wore a scarlet cap with a gold band] man, the keen gray eyes, the bullet head of crisp brown hair, and the wrinkled forehead, as well as the high cheek-bones, the short square face, the broad temples, the thick lips which are yet as firm as granite. A coarse, plebeian stamp of man; yet the whole figure and attitude are that of boundless determination, self-possession, energy." We see the young commander in his cabin, before which stands the constant sentinel in that 100-ton ship, where he had not omitted to make provision "for ornament and delight," carrying with him "expert musitians, rich furniture (all the vessels for his table, yea, many belonging euen to the cooke-roome, being of pure silver), and divers shewes of all sorts of curious workmanship." Well can we understand the interest in that ship on her return to England, after her nearly three years' voyage, with the then almost fabulous captured treasure, "being very richly fraught with golde, silver, silke, pearls, and precious stones," some of which it must have been which later led the Spanish King to send his mandate to Queen Elizabeth asking restitution, to bring out her characteristic reply in Latin verse:

Ad Græcas, bone rex, fiant mandata kalendas.

The Queen's visit to the ship at Deptford, her banqueting on it and knighting Drake, Holinshed's wish that some monument of it "might remain to succeeding ages," "and none more fitted than the brittle bark . . . thought meete to be fixed upon the stumpe of Paul's steeple [!] in lieu of the spire,

THE PRAYER-BOOK CROSS.
Gift of Mr. George W. Childs; Dedicated January 1, 1894

that, being discerned farre and neere, it might be noted and pointed at of people with these true termes: 'Yonder is the barke that hath sailed round about the world,'" is all delightfully Elizabethan. Scholars of Winchester school are said to have written Latin verses and set them up on the mainmast of the ship; when she was laid up her cabin was used as a distinguished place for holiday banquets. Barrow, in his *Life of Drake*, quotes: "We'll have our supper," says Sir Petronell Flash, in the comedy called *England Hoe*, by Ben Jonson and others—"we'll have our supper on board Sir Francis Drake's ship that hath compassed the world." When the ship had finally fallen into decay, a chair was made from her timbers and presented by Charles II. to the University of Oxford, and it can now be seen in the Bodleian Library, inscribed with the verses written by Cowley. Every American who visits the university should take the opportunity to see that chair. And Californians can see in it the symbol of an Elizabethan episode in California history. The relic of one of Elizabeth's—and, indeed, of England's—most famous ships and most famous seamen; it is part of the very ship that was careened on the shore of Drake's Bay in the summer of 1579. And its deck trodden by Elizabeth, and its keel having literally rested on that California beach, we recall with curious interest how not only incidentally but formally did that ship have to do with what for the time was, in claim an Elizabethan California. It will not affect the historical interest in the episode even if the claim did not perpetuate itself. The natives formally offered and Drake formally accepted "their right and title in the whole land." "Our Generall," says the chronicler—and it is easy to see a chaplain's style—"thought not meet to reject or refuse the same, both for that he would not giue them any cause of mistrust or disliking of him . . . . and chiefly for that he knew not to what good end God had brought this to passe, or what honour and profit it might bring to our Countrie in time to come. Wherefore, in the name and to the use of her most excellent majesty, he took the scepter, crowne, and dignity of the sayd countrie into his hand; wishing nothing more than that it had layen so fitly for her majesty to enjoy, as it was now her proper owne, and that *the riches and treasures thereof* . . . . might with as great conueniency be transported, to the enriching of her kingdome here at home, as it is in plenty to be attained there; and especially that so tractable and louing a people as they shewed themselves to be, might haue meanes to haue manifested their most willing obedience the more unto her, and by her meanes, as a mother and nurse of the Church of Christ, might by the preaching of the Gospell be brought to the right knowledge and obedience of the true and euerliving God."

To walk along that Drake's Bay beach, then, is to be amid strange associations of the nineteenth with the sixteenth century, of new with old Albion, of California with Elizabeth, of the shore-line with Drake. One is almost tempted to begin a hunt for some relic of the monument Drake set up before leaving the bay, "namely, a plate of brasse, fast nailed to a great and firme post, whereon is engraven her grace's name, and the day and yeare of our arrivall there, and of the free giving up of the province and kingdome both by the king and people into her majestie's hands; together with her highnesse picture and armes in a piece of sixpence currant English monie shewing itselfe by a hole made of purpose through the plate; underneath was likewise engraven the name of our Generall," etc.

A memorial of the landing of Drake, and especially of a service held on the land at the time of his stay in Drake's Bay, has been for some time in the hope of those interested in the matter, and individual generosity has now made an entirely worthy way for it. By a happy circumstance, one who is the first American citizen to place memorials to Elizabethan worthies in England gives the monument to mark the contact of the Elizabethan age with California. As he placed the Shakespeare memorial fountain and clock-tower at Stratford-upon-Avon, and the Bishop Andrewes (with Bishop Ken) memorial reredos in the church of SS. Thomas and Clement, Winchester, so Mr. George W. Childs, of Philadelphia, now erects on American soil this monument to events associated with the same period. The Herbert and Cowper window in Westminster Abbey, the Milton window in St. Margaret's, Westminster, the monument to the astronomer Proctor in Greenwood, carry national ties to and fro across the Atlantic; this one will carry them across the continent and the Pacific, making them, like Drake's ship, encompass the world.

The monument is a great gray-stone Celtic cross, with base six feet high and 17×15. The cross rises 55 feet from the ground, with shaft 8×6, the arms being 21 feet across, all of stone. The Park Commissioners of San Francisco, through their president, Mr. William W. Stow, tendered a site for the monument in Golden Gate Park, on an elevation of upward of 300 feet, on which it will be visible from the Golden Gate and from far out at sea. The designs were furnished by Messrs. Coxhead & Coxhead, architects of San Francisco, Colonel George H. Mendel, United States Engineers, being the consulting engineer. The stone is from the quarry of the Sites Sandstone Company at Colusa, California.

The inscription on the cross, to be known as the "Prayer-Book Cross," is as follows (space being left for date of consecration):

"A Memorial of the service held on the shore of Drake's Bay, about St. John Baptist's Day, June 24, A.D. 1579, by Francis Fletcher, Priest of the Church of England, Chaplain of Sir Francis Drake, Chronicler of the Service."

[On the Reverse.]

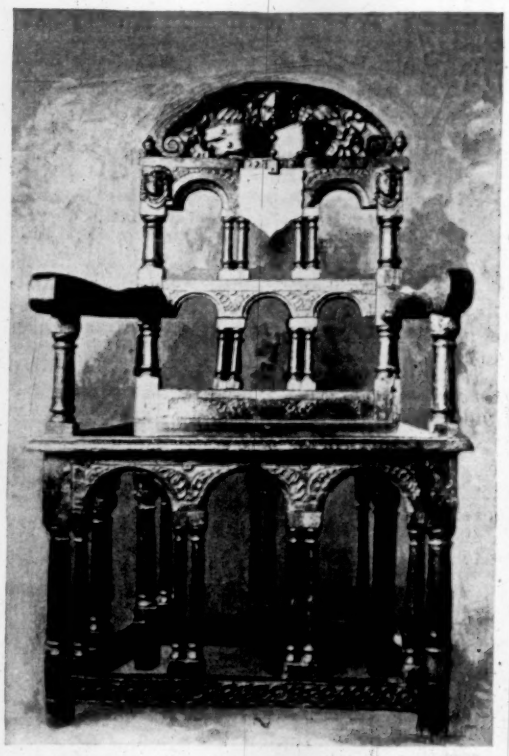
"First Christian Service in the English tongue on our coast.
"First use of Book of Common Prayer in our country.
"One of the first recorded Missionary Prayers on our continent.
"Soli Deo sit semper Gloria."

[On Base Front.]

"Gift of George W. Childs, Esq., of Philadelphia."

The following extract from the *World Encompassed* more especially bears upon the points covered in the inscription, giving an account of the service held, and making record of the words of the very early American missionary prayer:

"Our Generall, with his companie, in the presence of those strangers, fell to prayers; and by signes, in lifting up our eyes and hands to heaven, signified unto them that that God whom we did serve, and whom they ought to worship, was above; beseeching God, if it were his good pleasure, to open by some meanes their blinded eyes, that they might in due time be called to the knowledge of him, the true and ever-living God, and of Jesus Christ whom he hath sent, the salvation of the Gentiles. In the time of which prayers, singing of Psalmes, and reading of certaine chapters of the Bible, they sate very attentively."



CHAIR IN THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY
Made from the Timbers of Sir Francis Drake's Ship *Pelican*.

"Sylvia glanced timidly at Richard's smoothly shaven face."

PEMBROKE.

BY MARY E. WILKINS,

AUTHOR OF "JANE FIELD," "A HUMBLE ROMANCE, AND OTHER STORIES," "A NEW ENGLAND NUN, AND OTHER STORIES," ETC.

CHAPTER II.

SYLVIA CRANE'S house was the one in which her grandmother had been born, and was the oldest house in the village. It was known as the "old Crane place." It had never been painted, it was shedding its flapping gray shingles like gray scales, the roof sagged in a mossy hollow before the chimney, the windows and doors were awry, and the whole house was full of undulations and wavering lines, which gave it a curiously unreal look in broad daylight. In the moonlight it was the shadowy edifice built of a dream.

As Sylvia and Charlotte came to the front door it seemed as if they might fairly walk through it as through a gray shadow; but Sylvia stooped, and her shoulders strained with seemingly incongruous force, as if she were spending it to roll away a shadow. On the flat door-step lay a large round stone, pushed close against the door. There were no locks and keys in the old Crane place; only bolts. Sylvia could not fasten the doors on the inside when she went away, so she adopted this expedient, which had been regarded with favor by her mother and grandmother before her, and illustrated natures full of gentle fallacies which went far to make existence comfortable.

Always on leaving the house alone the Crane women had bolted the side door, which was the one in common use, gone out the front one, and laboriously rolled this same round stone before it. Sylvia reasoned as her mother and grandmother before her, with the same simplicity: "When the stone's in front of the door folks must know there ain't anybody to home, because they couldn't put it there if they was."

And when some neighbor had argued that the evil-disposed might roll away the stone and enter at will, Sylvia had replied, with the innocent conservatism with which she settled an argument, "Nobody ever did."

To-night she rolled away the stone to the corner of the door-step, where it had lain through three generations when the Crane women were at home, and sighed with regret that she had defended the door with it. "I wish I hadn't put the stone up," she thought. "If I hadn't mebbe he'd gone in an' waited." She opened the door, and the gloom of the house, deeper than the gloom of the night, appeared. "You wait here a minute," she said to Charlotte, "an' I'll go in an' light a candle."

Charlotte waited, leaning against the door-post. There was a flicker of fire within. Then Sylvia held the flaring candle toward her. "Come in," she said; "the candle's lit."

There was a bed of coals on the hearth in the best room; Sylvia had made a fire there before going over to her sister's, but it had burned low. The glow of the coals and the smoky flare of the candle lighted the room uncertainly, scattering and not dispelling the shadows. There was a primly festive air in the room. The flag-bottomed chairs stood by two's, finely canted toward each other, against the wall; the one great hair-cloth rocker stood ostentatiously in advance of them, facing the hearth fire; the long level of the hair-cloth sofa gleamed out under stiff sweeps of the white fringed curtains at the window behind it. The books on the glossy card-table were set canting toward each other like the chairs, and with their gilt edges toward the light. And Sylvia had set also on the table a burnished pitcher of a rosy copper-color full of apple blossoms.

She looked at it when she had set the candle on the shelf. It seemed to her that all the light in the room centred on it, and it shone in her eyes like a copper lamp.

Charlotte also glanced at it. "Why, Richard must have come while you were over to our house," she said.

"It don't make any odds if he did," returned Sylvia, with a faint blush and a bridle. Sylvia was much younger than her sister. Standing there in the dim light she did not look so much older than her niece. Her figure had the slim angularity and primness which are sometimes seen in elderly women who are not matrons, and she had donned a little white lace cap at thirty, but her face had still a delicate bloom, and the wistful wonder of expression which belongs to youth.

However, she never thought of Charlotte as anything but a child as compared with herself. Sylvia felt very old, and the more so that she grudged her years painfully. She stirred up the fire a little, holding back her shiny black silk skirt carefully. Charlotte stood leaning against the shelf, looking moodily down at the fire.

"I wouldn't feel bad if I was you, Charlotte," Sylvia ventured, timidly.

"I guess we'd better go to bed pretty soon," returned Charlotte. "It must be late."

"Had you rather sleep with me, Charlotte, or sleep in the spare chamber?"

"I guess I'll go in the spare chamber."

"Well, I'll get you a night-gown."

Both of their faces were sober, but perfectly staid. They bade each other good-night without a quiver; but Charlotte, after she had said her dutiful and unquestioning prayer, and lay folded in Sylvia's ruffled night-gown in the best bed, shook with great sobs. "Poor Barney!" she kept muttering. "Poor Barney! poor Barney!"

The doors were all open, and once she thought she heard a sob from below, then concluded she must be mistaken. But she was not, for Sylvia Crane was lamenting as sorely as the younger maiden upstairs. "Poor Richard!" she repeated, piteously. "Poor Richard! There he came, and the stone was up, and he had to go away."

The faces which were so clear to the hearts of both women, as if they were before their eyes, had a certain similarity. Indeed, Richard Alger and Barnabas Thayer were distantly related on the mother's side, and people said they looked enough alike to be brothers. Sylvia saw the same type of face as Charlotte, only Richard's face was older, for he was six years older than she.

"If I hadn't put the stone up," she moaned, "maybe he would have thought I didn't hear him knock, an' he'd come in an' waited. Poor Richard, I dun'no' what he thought! It's the first time it's happened for eighteen years."

Sylvia, as she lay there, looked backward, and it seemed to her that the eighteen years were all made up of the Sunday nights on which Richard Alger had come to see her, as if they were all that made them immortal and redeemed them from the dead past. She had endured grief, but love alone made the past years stand out for her. Sylvia, in looking back over eighteen years, forgot the father, mother, and sister who had died in that time; their funeral trains passed before her eyes like so many shadows. She forgot all their cares and her own; she forgot how she had nursed her bedridden mother for ten years; she forgot everything but those blessed Sunday nights on which Richard Alger had come. She called to mind every little circumstance connected with them—how she had adorned the best room by slow degrees, saving a few cents at a time from her sparse income, because he sat in it every Sunday night; how she had had the bed which her mother and grandmother kept there removed because the fashion had changed, and the guilty audacity with which she had purchased a hair-cloth sofa to take its place.

That adorning of the best room had come to be a religion with Sylvia Crane. As faithfully as any worshipper of the Greek deity she laid her offerings, her hair-cloth sofa and rocker, her copper-gilt pitcher of apple blossoms, upon the altar of love.

Sylvia recalled, sobbing more piteously in the darkness, sundry dreams, which had never been realized, of herself and Richard sitting side by side, and hand in hand, as confessed lovers, on that sofa. Richard Alger during all those eighteen years had never made love to Sylvia, unless his constant attendance upon Sabbath evenings could be so construed, as it was in that rural neighborhood, and as Sylvia was fain to construe it in her innocent heart.

It is doubtful if Sylvia, in her perfect decorum and long-fostered maiden reserve, fairly knew that Richard Alger had never made love to her. She scarcely expected her dreams

of endearments to be realized; she regarded them, except in desperate moods, with shame. If her old admirer had, indeed, attempted to sit by her side upon that hair-cloth sofa, and held her hand, she would have arisen as if propelled by stiff springs of modest virtue. She did not fairly know that she was not made love to after the most honorable and orthodox fashion without a word of endearment or a caress; for she had been trained to regard love as one of the most secret of the laws of nature, to be concealed, with shamefaced air, even from herself; but she did know that Richard had never asked her to marry him, and for that she was impatient without any self-reserve; she was even confidential with her sister, Charlotte's mother.

"I don't want to say anything outside," she once said, "but I do think it would be a good deal better for him if we was settled down. He ain't half took care of since his mother died."

"He's got money enough," returned Mrs. Barnard.

"That can't buy everything."

"Well, I don't pity him; I pity you," said Mrs. Barnard.

"I guess I shall get along a while longer, as far as that goes," Sylvia had replied to her sister, with some pride. "I ain't worried on my account."

"Women don't worry much on their own accounts, but they've got accounts," returned Mrs. Barnard, with more contempt for her sister than she had ever shown for herself. "You're gettin' older, Sylvy."

"I know it," Sylvia had replied, with a quick shrinking, as if from a blow.

The passing years, as they passed for her, stung her like swarming bees, with bitter humiliation, but never for herself, only for Richard. Nobody knew how painfully she counted the years, how she would fain have held time back with her thin hands, how futilely and pitifully she set her loving heart against it, and not for herself and her own vanity, but for the sake of her lover. She had come, in the singleness of her heart, to regard herself in the light of a species of coin to be expended wholly for the happiness and interest of one man. Any depreciation in its value was of account only as it affected him.

Sylvia Crane, sitting in the meeting-house of a Sunday, used to watch the young girls coming in, as radiant and flawless as new flowers, in their Sunday bests, with a sort of admiring envy, which could do them no harm, but which tore her own heart.

When she should have been contrasting the wickedness of her soul with the grace of the Divine Model, she was contrasting her fading face with the youthful bloom of the young girls. "He'd ought to marry one of them," she thought; "he'd ought to, by good rights." It never occurred to Sylvia that Richard also was growing older, and that he was, moreover, a few years older than she. She thought of him as an immortal youth; his face was the same to her as when she had first seen it.

When it came before a subtler vision than her bodily one, there in the darkness and loneliness of this last Sunday night, it wore the beauty and innocent freshness of a child. If Richard Alger could have seen his own face as the woman who loved him saw it, he could never have doubted his own immortality.

"There he came, an' the stone was up, an' he had to go away," moaned Sylvia, catching her breath softly. Many a time she had pitied Richard because he had not the little womanly care which men need; she had worried lest his stockings were not darned, and his food not properly cooked; but to-night she had another and strange anxiety. She worried lest she herself had hurt him and sent him home with a heavy heart.

Sylvia had gone about for the last few days with her delicate face as irresponsibly calm as a sweet-pea; nobody had dreamed of the turmoil in her heart. On the Wednesday night before she had nearly reached the climax of her wishes. Richard had come, departing from his usual custom—he had never called except on Sunday before—and remained later. It was ten o'clock before he went home. He had been very silent all the evening, and had sat soberly in the great best rocking-chair, which was, in a way, his throne of state, with Sylvia on the sofa on his right. Many a time she had dreamed that he came over there and sat down beside her, and that night it had come to pass.

Just before ten o'clock he had arisen hesitatingly; she thought it was to take leave, but she sat waiting and trembling. They had sat in the twilight and young moonlight all the evening. Richard had checked her when she attempted to light a candle. That had somehow made the evening seem strange, and freighted with consequences; and besides the white light of the moon, full of mystic influence, there was something subtler and more magnetic, which could sway more than the tides, even the passions of the human heart, present, and they both felt it.

Neither had said much, and they had been sitting there nearly two hours, when Richard had arisen, and moved curiously, rather as if he was drawn than walked of his own volition, over to the sofa. He sank down upon it with a little cough. Sylvia moved away a little with an involuntary motion, which was pure maidenliness.

"It's getting late," remarked Richard, trying to make his voice careless, but it fell in spite of him into deep cadences.

"It ain't very late, I guess," Sylvia had returned, tremblingly.

"I ought to be going home."

Then there was silence for a while. Sylvia glanced sidewise, timidly and adoringly, at Richard's smoothly shaven face, pale as marble in the moonlight, and waited, her heart throbbing.

"I've been coming here a good many years," Richard observed finally, and his own voice had a solemn tremor.

Sylvia made an almost inarticulate assent.

"I've been thinking lately," said Richard; then he paused. They could hear the great clock out in the kitchen tick. Sylvia waited, her very soul straining, although shrinking at the same time, to hear.

"I've been thinking lately," said Richard again, "that—maybe—it would be wise for—us both to—make some different arrangement."

Sylvia bent her head low. Richard paused for the second time. "I have always meant—" he began again, but just then the clock in the kitchen struck the first stroke of ten. Richard caught his breath and arose quickly. Never in his long courtship had he remained as late as that at Sylvia Crane's. It was as if a life-long habit struck as well as the clock, and decided his times for him.

"I must be going," said he, speaking against the bell notes. Sylvia arose without a word of dissent, but Richard spoke as if she had remonstrated.

"I'll come again next Sunday night," said he, apologetically.

Sylvia followed him to the door. They bade each other good-night decorously, with never a parting kiss, as they had done for years. Richard went out of sight down the white gleaming road, and she went in and to bed, with her heart in a great tumult of expectation and joyful fear.

She had tried to wait calmly for Sunday night. She had done her neat household tasks as usual, her face and outward demeanor were sweetly unruffled, but her thoughts seemed shivering with rainbows that constantly dazzled her with sweet shocks when her eyes met them. Her feet seemed constantly flying before her into the future, and she could scarcely tell where she might really be, in the present or in her dreams, which had suddenly grown so real.

On Sunday morning she had curled her soft fair hair, and arranged with trepidation one long light curl outside her bonnet on each side of her face. Her bonnet was tied under her chin with a green ribbon, and she had a little feathery green wreath around her face inside the rim. Her wide silk skirt was shot with green and blue, and rustled as she walked up the aisle to her pew. People stared after her without knowing why. There was no tangible change in her appearance. She had worn that same green shot silk many Sabbaths; her bonnet was three summers old; the curls drooping on her cheeks were an innovation, but the people did not recognize the change as due to them. Sylvia herself had looked with pleased wonder at her face in the glass; it was as if all her youthful beauty had suddenly come up, like a withered rose which is dipped in a vase.

"I sha'n't look so terrible old side of him when I go out bride," she reflected, happily, smiling fondly at herself. All the way to meeting that Sunday morning she saw her face as she had seen it in the glass, and it was as if she walked with something finer that herself.

Richard Alger sat with the choir in a pew beside the pulpit, at right angles with the others. He had a fine tenor voice, and had sung in the choir ever since he was a boy. When Sylvia sat down in her place, which was in full range of his eyes, he glanced at her without turning his head; he meant to look away again directly, so as not to be observed, but her face held him. A color slowly flamed out on his pale brown cheeks; his eyes became intense and abstracted. A soprano singer nudged the girl at her side; they both glanced at him and tittered, but he did not notice it.

Sylvia knew that he was looking at her, but she never looked at him. She sat soberly waving a little brown fan before her face; the light curls stirred softly. She wondered what he thought of them; if he considered them too young for her, and silly; but he did not see them at all. He had no eye for details. And neither did she even hear his fine tenor, still sweet and powerful, leading all the other male voices when the choir stood up to sing. She thought only of Richard himself.

After meeting, when she went down the aisle, several women had spoken to her, inquired concerning her health, and told her, with wondering eyes, that she looked well. Richard was far behind her, but she did not look around. They very seldom accosted each other, unless it was unavoidable, in any public place. Still, Sylvia, going out with gentle flounces of her green shot silk, knew well that Richard's eyes followed her, and his thought was close at her side.

After she got home from meeting that Sunday, Sylvia Crane did not know how to pass the time until the evening. She could not keep herself calm and composed as was her wont on the Sabbath day. She changed her silk for a common gown; she tried to sit down and read the Bible quietly and with understanding, but she could not. She turned to Canticles, and read a page or two. She had always believed loyally and devoutly in the application to Christ and the Church; but suddenly now, as she read, the restrained, decorously chanting New England love-song in her maiden heart had leaped into the fervid measures of the Oriental King. She shut the Bible with a clap. "I ain't giving the right meaning to it," she said, sternly, aloud.

She put away the Bible, went into the pantry, and got out some bread and cheese for her luncheon, but she could eat nothing. She picked the apple blossoms and arranged them in the copper-gilt pitcher on the best-room table. She even dusted off the hair-cloth sofa and rocker, with many compunctions, because it was Sunday. "I know I hadn't ought to do it to-day," she murmured, apologetically, "but they do get terrible dusty, and need dusting every day, and he is real particular, and he'll have on his best clothes."

Finally, just before twilight, Sylvia, unable to settle herself, had gone over to her sister's for a little call. Richard never came before eight o'clock, except in winter, when it was dark earlier. There was a certain half-shamefaced reserve about his visits. He knew well enough that people looked from their windows as he passed, and said, facetiously, "There goes Richard Alger to court Sylvy Crane." He preferred slipping past in a half-light, in which he did not seem so plain to himself, and could think himself less plain to other people.

Sylvia, detained at her sister's by the quarrel between Cephas and Barnabas, had arisen many a time to take leave, all palpitating with impatience, but her sister had begged her, in a distressed whisper, to remain.

"I guess you can get along without Richard Alger one Sunday evening," she had said finally, quite aloud, and quite harshly. "I guess your own sister has just as much claim on you as he has. I dun'no' what's going to be done. I don't believe Charlotte's father will let her in the house to-night."

Poor Sylvia had sank back in her chair. To her sensitive conscience the duty nearest at hand seemed always to bark the loudest, and the precious moments had gone by until she knew that Richard had come, found the stone before the door, and gone away, and all her sweet turmoil of hope and anticipation had gone for naught.

Sylvia, lying there awake that night, her mind carrying her back over all that had gone before, had no doubt that this was the end of everything. Not originally a subtle discerner of character, she had come insensibly to know Richard so well that certain results from certain combinations of circumstances in his life were as plain and inevitable to her as the outcome of a simple sum in mathematics. "He'd got most out of his track for once," she groaned out softly, "but now he's pushed back in so hard he can't get out again if he wants to. I dun'no' how he's going to get along."

Sylvia, with the roof settling over her head, with not so much upon her few sterile acres to feed her as to feed the honey-bees and birds, with her heart in greater agony because its string of joy had been strained so high and sweetly before it snapped, did not lament over herself at all; neither did she over the other woman who lay upstairs suffering in a similar case; she lamented only over Richard living alone and unministered to until he died.

When daylight came she got up, dressed herself, and prepared breakfast. Charlotte came down before it was ready.

"Let me help get breakfast," she said, with an assumption of energy, standing in the kitchen doorway in her pretty mottled purple delaine. The purple was the shade of columbine, and very becoming to Charlotte. In spite of her sleepless night, her fine firm tints had not faded; she was too young and too strong and too full of involuntary resistance. She had done up her fair hair compactly; her chin had its usual proud lift.

Sylvia, shrinking as if before some unseen enemy as she moved about, her face all wan and weary, glanced at her half resentfully. "I guess she 'ain't had any such night as I have," she thought. "Girls don't know much about it."

"No, I don't need any help," she replied, aloud. "I 'ain't got anything to do but to stir up an Injun cake. You've got your best dress on. You'd better go and set down."

"It won't hurt my dress any." Charlotte glanced down half scornfully at her purple skirt. It had lost all its glory for her. She was not even sure that Barney had seen it.

"Set down. I've got breakfast 'most ready," Sylvia said again, more peremptorily than she was wont, and Charlotte sat down in the hollow-backed cherry rocking-chair beside the kitchen window, leaned her head back, and looked out indifferently between the lilac-bushes. The bushes were full of pinkish-purple buds. Sylvia's front yard reached the road in a broad slope, and the ground was hard, and green with dampness under the shade of a great elm-tree. The grass would never grow there over the roots of the elm, which were flung out broadly like great recumbent limbs over the whole yard, and were barely covered by the mould.

Across the street, seen under the green sweep of the elm, was an orchard of old apple-trees which had blossomed out bravely that spring. Charlotte looked at the white and rosy masses of bloom.

"I guess there wasn't any frost last night, after all," she remarked.

"I dun'no'," responded Sylvia, in a voice which made her niece look around at her. There was a curious impatient ring in it which was utterly foreign to it. There was a frown between Sylvia's gentle eyes, and she moved with nervous jerks, setting down dishes hard, as if they were refractory children, and lashing out with spoons as if they were whips. The long steady strain upon her patience had not affected her temper, but this last had seemed to bring out a certain vicious and waspish element which nobody had suspected her to possess, and she herself least of all. She felt this morning disposed to go out of her way to sting, and as if some primal and evil instinct had taken possession of her. She felt shocked at herself, but all the more defiant and disposed to keep on.

"Breakfast is ready," she announced, finally; "if you don't set right up an' eat it, it will be getting cold. I wouldn't give a cent for cold Injun cake."

Charlotte arose promptly and brought a chair to the table, which Sylvia always set punctiliously in the centre of the kitchen as if for a large family.

"Don't scrape your chair on the floor that way; it wears 'em all out," cried Sylvia, sharply.

Charlotte stared at her again, but she said nothing; she sat down and began to eat absently. Sylvia watched her angrily between her own mouthfuls, which she swallowed down defiantly like medicine.

"It ain't much use cookin' things if folks don't eat 'em," said she.

"I am eating," returned Charlotte.

"Eatin'? Swallowin' down Injun cake as if it was sawdust! I don't call that eatin'. You don't act as if you tasted a mite of it!"

"Aunt Sylvy, what has got into you?" said Charlotte.

"Got into me? I should think you'd talk about anything gettin' into me, when you set there like a stick. I guess you 'ain't got all there is to bear."

"I never thought I had," said Charlotte.

"Well, I guess you 'ain't."

They went on swallowing their food silently; the great clock ticked slowly, and the spring birds called outside; but they heard neither. The shadows of the young elm leaves played over the floor and the white table-cloth. It was much warmer that morning, and the shadows were softer.

Before they had finished breakfast, Charlotte's mother came, advancing ponderously, with soft thuds, across the yard to the side door. She opened it and peered in.

"Here you be," said she, scanning both their faces with anxious and deprecating inquiry.

"Can't you come in, an' not stand there holdin' the door open?" inquired Sylvia. "I feel the wind on my back, and I've got a bad pain enough in it now."

Mrs. Barnard stepped in, and shut the door quickly, in an alarmed way.

"Ain't you feelin' well this mornin', Sylvy?" said she.

"Oh yes, I'm feelin' well enough. It ain't any matter how I feel, but it's a good deal how some other folks do."

Sarah Barnard sank into the rocking-chair, and sat there looking at them hesitatingly, as if she did not dare to open the conversation.

Suddenly Sylvia arose and went out of the kitchen with a rush, carrying a plate of Indian cake to feed the hens. "I can't set here all day; I've got to do something," she announced as she went.

When the door had closed after her, Mrs. Barnard turned to Charlotte.

"What's the matter with her?" she asked, nodding toward the door.

"I don't know."

"She ain't sick, is she? I never see her act so. Sylvy's generally just like a lamb. You don't s'pose she's goin' to have a fever, do you?"

"I don't know."

Suddenly Charlotte, who was still sitting at the table, put up her two hands with a despairing gesture, and bent her head forward upon them.

"Now don't, you poor child," said her mother, her eyes growing suddenly red. "Didn't he even turn round when you called him back last night?"

Charlotte shook her bowed head dumbly.

"Don't you s'pose he'll ever come again?"

Charlotte shook her head.

"Mebbe he will. I know he's terrible set."

"Who's set?" demanded Sylvia, coming in with her empty plate.

"Oh, I was jest sayin' that I thought Barney was kinder set," replied her sister, mildly.

"He ain't no more set than Cephas," returned Sylvia.

"Cephas ain't set. It's jest his way."

Sylvia sniffed. She looked scornfully at Charlotte, who had raised her head when she came in, but whose eyes were red. "Folks had better been created without ways, then," she retorted. "They'd better have been created slaves;

they'd been enough sight happier an' better off, an' so would other folks that they have to do with; than to have so many ways, an' not sense enough to manage 'em. I don't believe in free-will, for my part."

"Sylvy Crane, you ain't goin' to deny one of the doctrines of the Church at your time of life?" demanded a new voice. Sylvia's other sister, Hannah Berry, stood in the doorway.

Sylvia ordinarily was meek before her, but now she faced her. "Yes, I be," said she; "I don't approve of free-will, and I ain't afraid to say it."

Sylvia had always been considered very unlike Mrs. Hannah Berry in face and character. Now, as she stood before her, a curious similarity appeared; even her voice sounded like her sister's.

"What on earth ails you, Sylvy?" asked Mrs. Berry, ignoring suddenly the matter in hand.

"Nothin' ails me that I know of. I don't think much of free-will, an' I ain't goin' to say I do when I don't."

"Then all I've got to say is you'd ought to be ashamed of yourself. Why, I should think you was crazy, Sylvy Crane, settin' up yourself again' the doctrines of the Word. I'd like to know what you know about them."

"I know enough to see how they work," returned Sylvia, undauntedly, "an' I ain't goin' to pretend I'm blind when I can see."

Sylvia's serene arc of white forehead was shortened by a distressed frown, her mild mouth drooped sourly at the corners, and the lips were compressed. Her white cap was awry, and one of yesterday's curls hung lankly over her left cheek.

"You look an' act like a crazy creature," said Hannah Berry, eying her with indignant amazement. She walked across the room to another rocking-chair, moving with unexpected heaviness. She was in reality as stout as her sister, Sarah Barnard, but she had a long, thin, and rasped face, which misled people.

"Now," said she, looking around conclusively, "I ain't come over here to argue about free-will. I want to know what all this is about?"

"All what?" returned Mrs. Barnard, feebly. She was distinctly afraid of her imperious sister, yet she was conscious of a quiver of resentment.

"All this fuss about Barney Thayer," said Hannah Berry.

"How did you hear about it?" Mrs. Barnard asked, with a glance at Charlotte, who was sitting erect, with her cheeks very red and her mouth tightly closed.

"Never mind how I heard," replied Hannah. "I did hear, an' that's enough. Now I want to know if you're really goin' to set down like an old hen an' give up, an' let this match between Charlotte an' a good, smart, likely young man like Barnabas Thayer be broken off on account of Cephas Barnard's crazy freaks?"

Sarah stiffened her neck. "There ain't no call for you to speak that way, Hannah. They got to talkin' over the 'lection."

"The 'lection! I'd like to know what business they had talkin' about it Sabbath night anyway? I ain't blamin' Barnabas so much; he's younger an' easier stirred up; but Cephas Barnard is an old man, an' he has been a church member for forty year, an' he ought to know enough to set a better example. I'd like to know what difference it makes about the 'lection anyway? What odds does it make which one is President if he rules the country well? An' that they can't tell till they've tried him awhile anyway. I guess they don't think much about the country; it's jest to have their own way about it. I'd like to know what mortal difference it's goin' to make to Barney Thayer or Cephas Barnard which man is President? He won't never hear of them, and they won't neither of them make him rule any different after he's chose. It's jest like two little boys—one wants to play marbles 'cause the other wants to play puss-in-the-corner, an' that's all the reason either one of 'em's got for standin' out. Men ain't got any too much sense anyhow, when you come right down to it. They don't ever get any too much grown up, the best of 'em. I'd like to know what Cephas Barnard has got to say because he's drove a good likely young man like Barnabas Thayer off an' broke off his daughter's match? It ain't likely she'll ever get anybody now; young men like him, with nice new houses put up to go right to housekeepin' in as soon as they are married, don't grow on every bush. They ain't quite so thick as wild thimbleberries. An' Charlotte ain't got any money herself, and her father ain't got any to build a house for her. I'd like to know what he's got to say about it?"

Mrs. Barnard put up her apron and began to weep helplessly.

"Don't, mother," said Charlotte, in an undertone. But her mother began talking in a piteous wailing fashion.

"You hadn't ought to talk so about Cephas," she moaned. "He's my husband. I guess you wouldn't like it if anybody talked so about your husband. Cephas ain't any worse than anybody else. It's jest his way. He wa'n't any more to blame than Barney; they both got to talkin'. I know Cephas is terrible upset about it this mornin'; he 'ain't really said so in so many words, but I know by the way he acts. He said this mornin' that he didn't know but we were eatin' the wrong kind of food. Lately he's had an idea that mebbe we'd ought to eat more meat; he's thought it was more strengthenin', an' we'd ought to eat things as near like what we wanted to strengthen as could be. I've made a good deal of bone soup. But now he says he thinks mebbe he's been mistaken, an' animal food kind of quickens the animal nature in us, an' that we'd better eat green things an' garden sass."

"I guess garden sass will strengthen the other kind of sass that Cephas Barnard has got in him full as much as bone soup has," interrupted Hannah Berry, with a sarcastic sniff.

"I dun'no' but he's right," said Mrs. Barnard. "Cephas thinks a good deal an' looks into things. I kind of wish he'd waited till the garden had got started, though, for there ain't much we can eat now but potatoes an' turnips an' dandelion greens."

"If you want to live on potatoes an' turnips an' dandelion greens, you can," cried Hannah Berry; "what I want to know is if you're goin' to settle down an' say nothin', and have Charlotte lose the best chance she'll ever have in her life, if she lives to be a hundred—"

Charlotte spoke up suddenly; her blue eyes gleamed with steely light. She held her head high as she faced her aunt.

"I don't want any more talk about it, Aunt Hannah," said she.

"Hey?"

"I don't want any more talk about it."

"Well, I guess you'll have more talk about it; girls don't get jilted without there is talk generally. I guess you'll have to make up your mind to it, for all you put on such airs with your own aunt, who left her washin' an' come over here to take your part. I guess when you stand out in the road half an hour an' call a young man to come back, an' he don't come, that folks are goin' to talk some. Who's that comin' now?"

"It's Cephas," whispered Mrs. Barnard, with a scared glance at Charlotte.

Cephas Barnard entered abruptly, and stood for a second looking at the company, while they looked back at him. His eyes were stolidly defiant, but he stood well back, and almost shrank against the door. There seemed to be impulses in Hannah's and Sylvia's faces confronting his.

He turned to his wife. "When you comin' home?" said he.

"Oh, Cephas! I jest run over here a minute. I—wanted to see—if—Sylvy had any emptins. Do you want me an' Charlotte to come now?"

Cephas turned on his heel. "I think it's about time for you both to be home," he grunted.

Sarah Barnard arose and looked with piteous appeal at Charlotte.

Charlotte hesitated a second, then she arose without a word, and followed her mother, who followed Cephas. They went in a procession of three, with Cephas marching ahead like a general, across the yard, and Sylvia and Hannah stood at a window watching them.

"Well," said Hannah Berry, "all I've got to say is I'm thankful I 'ain't got a man like that, an' you ought to be mighty thankful you 'ain't got any man at all, Sylvy Crane."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

OBJECTIONS TO SOCIALISM.

BY RICHARD T. ELY,
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II.

THE difficulties that stand in the way of the organization of the productive factors according to the schemes of socialism do not appear to have been squarely faced by socialists themselves. The aim is the unification of industry, and this appears to be practicable in various branches of industry. There is no difficulty about the unification of the gas industry or the water supply in a given city. The street-car lines of every sort in a city can be managed most satisfactorily when operated as an undivided whole. The postal service improves in quality as unification progresses. Wherever there has been division in any single country in the work of the post-office there has been deterioration of service; but as unification has been applied to it within the nation, and has expanded from separate nations to the entire world, there has been a steady, and, indeed, marvellous, improvement in the service rendered, while there has been an almost incredible reduction in the price charged. Neither do railways offer any insuperable obstacle to the unification advocated by the socialistic programme. We observe a unification of the railway system in many countries—in some under private management, and in others under public management—and we can hardly fail to notice the improvement which has accompanied the consolidation of railways in the United States. Trusts and combinations have demonstrated the practicability of unification of production in certain lines of manufactures. But the smaller branches of manufacturing industry, which serve local needs, and which, after all, in the aggregate, are of immense importance, do not fit readily into the socialistic system of organization.

It is, however, when we come to agriculture that the chief difficulty standing in the way of a socialistic organization of the factors of production is encountered; and one will search a long time to find a presentation of any practicable plan, or even any plausible plan, for the incorporation of agriculture into the scheme of socialistic production and distribution. We have here and there agriculture on a large scale, and "bonanza farms," as they are called, are not unknown in this and other countries. Yet all this is something as different from the unification of agricultural industry as a brook is from the ocean. It is even doubtful to what extent agriculture on a large scale is profitable, and not infrequently do we see large farms divided up into smaller farms with an increase in production, both absolutely and relatively to the capital and labor employed. There is no clearly marked constant tendency to monopoly in the ownership of agricultural land, and still less is there any clearly discerned tendency towards monopoly in its cultivation. How is it conceivable that agricultural production may be so organized that it may be controlled from one centre, or even from a thousand centres acting together with one purpose, in a country like the United States? Now the point is this, even if we grant the practicability of the socialistic programme with respect to everything except agriculture, and are obliged to carry on agriculture under the system of individual production, we have a system which is something very different from socialism, after all, because it leaves out a very large proportion of the wealth of the country and of the labor of the country. It would, to be sure, be something different from our present state of society, and yet something quite different from socialism. Socialism is a system which proposes to embrace all the social units.

But what motives has socialism to offer to keep the social mechanism in operation? At present competition is the chief but by no means the only force which makes the wheels of industry go round. While we cannot entertain the exaggerated views which have often been put forward in behalf of competition, and while it must be admitted, indeed, that many of these have been refuted by history—as, for instance, those put forward by Bastiat in his cheap optimism—it must be conceded, after all, that competition does act powerfully as a stimulus, that it produces immense activity, and that it has brought us vast, even if unequally distributed, wealth. Socialism must substitute for competition motives such as honor and the greater opportunity for service offered by promotion in the industrial army. We may sum up the chief motives which socialism has to offer by the expression "social esteem." There is no doubt that there is no more powerful motive than social esteem. Even now it is the chief force in industry, as in society generally. Money is sought because it is supposed that it confers social esteem. Even the selfish do not seek money for other reasons. Observe the German manufacturer who leads a hard and self-sacrificing life, oppressing himself and others to accumulate a great fortune. Is it money which he desires? If so, how can you account for the fact that no sooner has he acquired a fortune than he parts with a considerable portion of it to marry his daughter to a lieutenant in the army with sixpence a day? Why does he do this, if it is not that he thinks he will thereby acquire greater social esteem? We have often seen an American in pursuit of the almighty dollar, and it has been said that this man loves money. Yet no sooner has he acquired a vast fortune than he begins to distribute it. He gives an entertainment, and money flows like water. One might think that this man, called hard and miserly, attached no importance to money; that he had reversed his previous course of action. It is nothing of the kind. He has all the time been working for *social esteem*. American girls obliged to work for a living serve as another illustration. They prefer small wages in shop or factory to higher wages in the kitchen, because they believe the former employment offers a greater amount of social esteem. Now, the question which socialism has to answer is this: Will that line of conduct which is socially beneficial meet with social approbation? If this question can be answered in the affirmative, one of the most serious obstacles to socialism would unquestionably be removed. Have we any warrant, however, in any phenomena which we can observe, for believing that that conduct which is socially beneficial would meet with general social approbation? One living in the pure democracy of a university might suppose that such would be the case; but we must remember that the universities contain the flower of the land. There are many classes in society, and each class has its own standard. Thieves and criminals generally constitute a very large class, and it must not by any means be supposed that they are not animated by the desire for social esteem. They love this, and they receive it when they are daring and successful in crime. Probably they are as sensitive to that public opinion which reaches them—which envelops them, we may say—as any other class in the community. Recently a train-robber, who was captured in the far West, avowed that he was animated by an ambition not to be outdone by the "James brothers." Bull-fighting meets with social approbation, and prize-fighting meets with such social esteem that the successful pugilist is the hero of the hour. Newspapers spend thousands upon thousands of dollars to get every detail of a prize-fight; and the greatest scientific discoverer the world has ever seen would appear, from the space devoted to him by the newspapers, to be a very small man in comparison with the champion pugilist.

When we turn to the relations between government and individuals do we find that the conduct which is socially beneficial meets with approbation or disapprobation? Is a man who does his full duty as a citizen praised, and is the man who fails to pay his full share of taxes and to take his part generally in political life despised as unworthy the association of the best society? We must answer this question in the negative, and avow frankly that the love of social esteem is not a force, so far as we can see up to the present, which would universally lead men to conduct socially beneficial.

The development of man on his social side is a slow and tedious process, for it requires both unusual insight and unusual ethical culture to appreciate that which is important to man as a member of organized society. Ethics, which has been well designated by a great thinker as "the queen of the social sciences," has been treated as an individual rather than as a social science, precisely because the development of man on his social side has been so backward. Christianity is essentially a social religion, and altruism the chief characteristic of its founder. Yet it is only recently that the phrase "social Christianity" has become familiar; and when a great Methodist preacher entitles a book *The Philanthropy of God*, many are fairly startled. People who are backward are individualistic in their nature. A socialistic writer himself has used the expression "individualist blacks of Africa." Those who are so backward in the scale of development that they are individualists by nature are very many. They comprise, indeed, the larger proportion of mankind, and the question is to be answered, how can those who are individualists in their nature be induced to conform to the requirements of a socialistic state?

THE CRISIS IN BRAZIL.

BRAZIL'S insurgent Admiral, José Custodio de Mello, a daring, ambitious man, and a most efficient naval officer, doubtless took considerable encouragement for the revolution which he is now conducting against President Peixoto from the brilliant success of the revolt of the Chilian navy, led by Admiral Jorge Montt, now President of that country, against the late President Balmaceda.

Whether through *esprit de corps*, or by consummate scheming, or both, Mello succeeded in carrying the entire navy with him when he raised the flag of revolt in Rio Harbor last September, but, unlike Montt's, his cause failed to receive espousal by a formidable land element, wherefore it is so lamentably lacking to-day in prospects of success, in view of the imposing array of ships, secured and equipped in this country and Europe, which Peixoto has at length succeeded in massing on the Brazilian coast.

Until the maturity of these plans of Peixoto, this unique revolution of revolution-bearing Latin America has resembled nothing so much as a fight between a whale and an elephant.

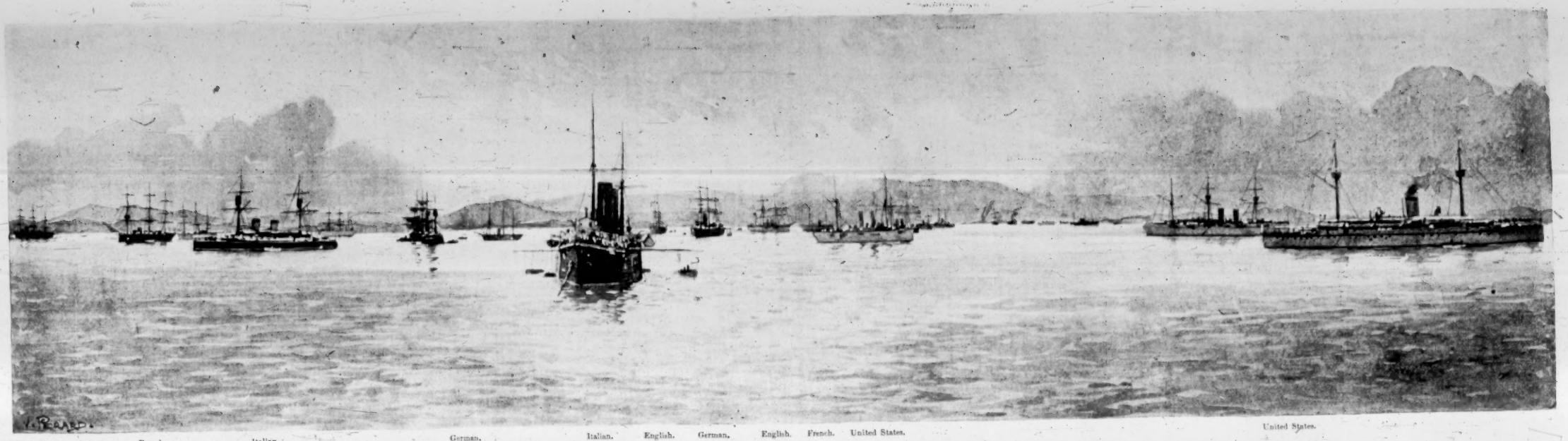
Neither has been able to get at the other, for without ships Peixoto could not put down the rebellion, while Mello's bombardments have availed him little or nothing, since he has not been able to effect a landing.

Such, however, is no longer the situation, but the change is not in Mello's favor, for he is just where he was at the beginning, namely, without co-operation on land. It is Peixoto's position which has improved, granting, that is, that his extemporized fleet is capable of the service which is claimed for it.

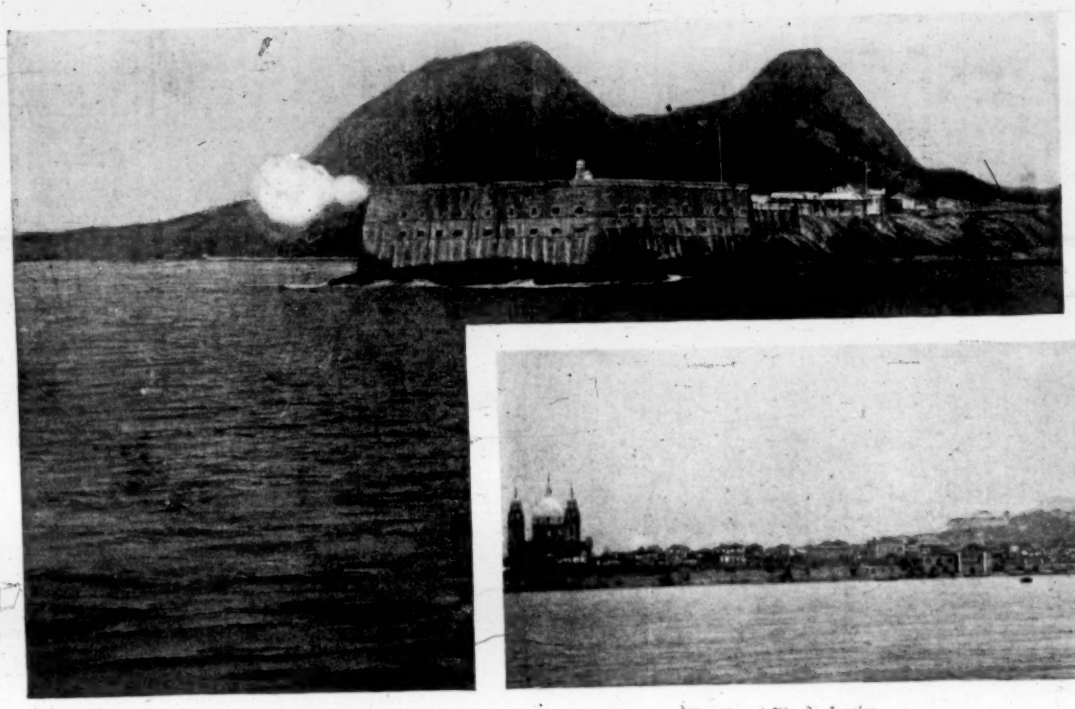
Therein now lies the supreme interest in the Brazilian situation. Will the *Nictheroy*, formerly the American merchantman *El Cid*, with her dynamite gun, and the *America*, which was also fitted out in this port, with her terrific Sims-Edison dirigible torpedoes, prove, either singly or together, a match for the *Aquidaban* and the *Republica*, the only two of the rebel ships not imprisoned in Rio Harbor? Then there is the *Aurora*, the crack torpedo-cruiser that was purchased in England, and the *Destroyer*, renamed *Pirating*, Captain John Ericsson's famous submarine gunboat, not to mention the flotilla of torpedo-boats, two of American, one of English, and five of German construction.

It is imperative that this fleet first subdue the *Aquidaban* and *Republica* before instituting operations against the ships and the rebel fort, Villegagnon, in the harbor. Even then there will be no mean task before it, for there are good guns on the *Guanabara*, the *Trajario*, and the *Jupiter*, while Admiral Da Gama, on the *Almirante Tamandaré*, aided by his very large and well-drilled torpedo fleet, will, without doubt, put the attacking party to no end of vigilance to evade his tactics.

For these and many other reasons naval men the world over look forward at no distant day now to an engagement, or series of engagements, in Brazilian waters, that is likely to be of transcendent importance.

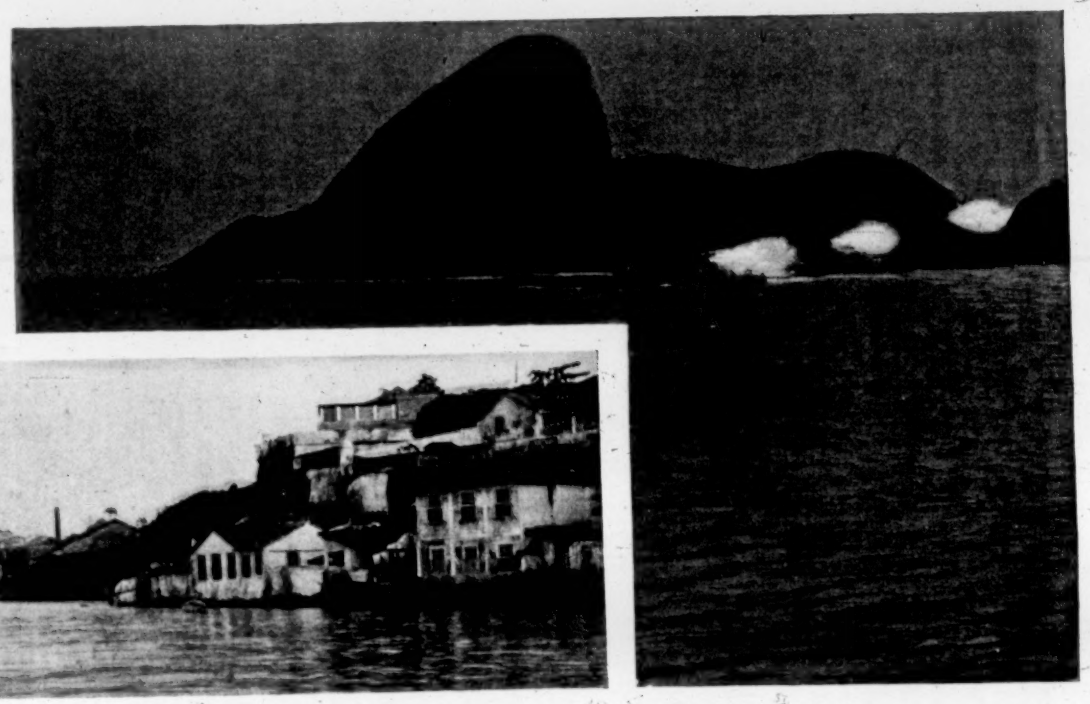


THE FLEET OF FOREIGN WAR VESSELS IN RIO BAY.—Drawn by Victor Perard from Photographs furnished by an Officer of the British Squadron.



Fort Santa Cruz.

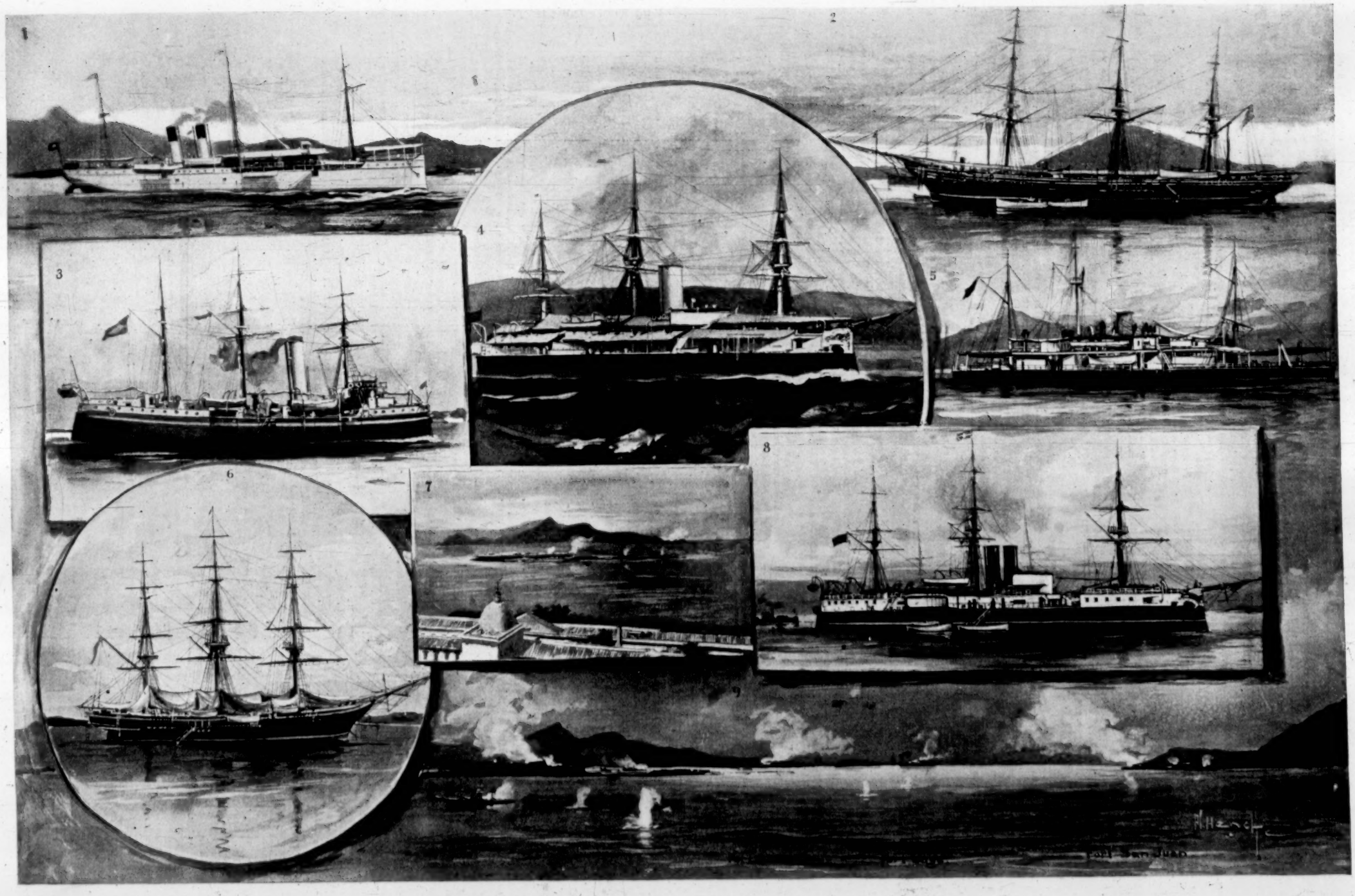
The City of Rio de Janeiro.



Isla das Cobras (Serpent Island).

Fort Lage.

VIEWS IN THE BAY OF RIO DE JANEIRO.—From Photographs furnished by an Officer of the British Squadron.



THE REBEL FLEET AT RIO.—Drawn by Al Hencke from Photographs.—[See Page 31.]

1. The *Jupiter*, a Brazilian Freight Steamer, seized by Admiral Mello and turned into a Man-of-War. 2. The *Trajano*, which has taken a prominent part in the destruction of the Town of Nictheroy. 3. The *Republica*. This Cruiser and the *Aquidaban* are the only Vessels of Mello's Fleet not imprisoned in Rio Bay. 4. The *Aquidaban*, Mello's Flag-Ship. 5. The Coast-Defence Monitor *Javary*, recently sunk by the Guns of Fort San Juan. 6. The *Guanabara*. 7. Artillery Duel of October 17, 1893, between Fort Villegagnon (Insurgent) on the Island, and Fort San Juan (Government) in the Distance. 8. The Iron-clad *Riachuelo*, second only to the *Aquidaban*, now undergoing repairs in Toulon, France. 9. General Engagement of October 14, 1893, between the Forts and the Insurgent Fleet. None of the latter were struck.

WAITING FOR THE TRAIN.

BY W. L. ALDEN.

I WAITED for the train at Jericho. Not the historic city where the walls fell down at the blast of the Jewish trumpets, but an entirely new city in the Territory of Montana. I had missed the train, owing to a sudden change of the time-table. The American loves the element of uncertainty, whether in poker or in railway travelling, and it is doubtless a perception of this fact which leads the American railway companies to change their time-tables every few weeks without giving the slightest warning to the public. The man who lives at some little distance from the station never knows, when he starts to catch the eleven-o'clock train, whether it has already left at ten thirty, or whether it will not leave until twelve fifteen. This uncertainty gives to the railway ticket something of the charm of a lottery ticket, and, next to the Italians, no people cherish the love of lottery gambling as tenderly as do the Americans.

I had expected to take a train which the time-table assured me would start at one o'clock, and when I found that, owing to a change of time-table, the train would not start until four o'clock, I was somewhat exasperated. The station-master, however, who was a jovial, garrulous person, so fat that he could hardly squeeze through the door of his ticket office, did his best to soothe me. "You just set down on that there settee," he said, "until I get the one fifteen freight started, and I'll come and have a cigar with you, and a game of euchre. It's a little aggravatin', I admit, to be kep' here from one to four, but it ain't my fault." So saying, he closed the window of his ticket office, and waddled out on the platform, where he conferred with the conductor of a freight train that was waiting, apparently out of sheer laziness, as is the habit of freight trains, on a siding. When the conductor felt that the conversation was beginning to flag, he yawned, consulted his watch, and remarked to his driver that "we might as well mosey along." Whereupon the locomotive whistled, the train rumbled slowly on its way, and the station master came into the waiting room, and, offering me a large and rank cigar, dropped himself into a seat, wiped his brow with a bandanna handkerchief, and remarked that it was "seasonable weather."

I accepted his view of the weather, and then he asked me where I "might be going."

"To Athensville," I replied, naming a town some thirty miles from Jericho.

"You'll find it a pretty lively town," said the station-master. "There ain't no flies to speak of on that town—I know, for I've lived there myself. Do you calculate to locate there?"

I told him that I only expected to spend a week at Athensville. "It's a pity you don't make up your mind to locate there," continued my entertainer. "There's money lying all round the streets of that town waiting for enterprising men to come along and pick it up. Not that there's any want of enterprise among the people themselves. Why, there's more churches and more saloons in that town, in proportion to its size, than there is in any other town in Montana. And the churches ain't standing empty, neither. People take an interest in them. Did you happen to hear about the row the Baptists had between the preacher and the choir?"

I answered that the fame of that battle had not yet reached me.

"I'll tell you about it," said the station-master. "It 'll interest you, especially if you're a pious man, and I calculate, from your not cussin' about the train, that you are. Besides, it 'll give you an idea of the enterprising spirit of the people."

The station-master drew up another chair, on which he comfortably disposed his legs, and then running a long steel pin, which he carried in the lapel of his coat, through his cigar, with a view to encouraging it to draw, he began his narrative.

"The First Baptist Church had had a lot of trouble with its pastors. I don't know who was to blame, and it ain't my business to inquire. I being a Methodist, though I used to be a Presbyterian. I come over to the Methodists shortly after I went into the railroad business. A man has got to be able to cuss pretty lively if he is going to get on in railroading, and it's against the regulations for a Presbyterian to cuss. Now a Methodist ain't coupled up so tight. He can swear now and then if it seems to be desirable. It's only falling from grace, and he can straighten the whole thing out the next time there is a revival.

"However, this hasn't got anything to do with the story. As I was saying, the Baptists had so much trouble with their preachers that it got to be difficult for them to fill their pulpit when a vacancy took place. Last year they called the Rev. Dr. Jones, whom you've probably heard of. He was the man who preached seven hours and thirty-three minutes on a stretch at the Rifletown camp-meeting two years ago, and won the championship of the Northwest for long-range preaching. Now, the doctor is a mighty smart man, and he knew the reputation of the Athensville Baptists, and he didn't intend to accept their call and then be turned out in six or eight months. So he refused to come unless they would give him a written contract for three years, and he stuck to it until they gave him the contract, thinking it would be a great thing for their church to have the champion of the Northwest in their pulpit.

"The Baptists pride themselves on their choir, and, take it by and large, it is the next best thing to Moore and Kelly's Minstrels that I ever heard, and I've heard a good deal of music at one time and another. But this choir always gave trouble. There were pretty girls in it, and there were young men in it, and only a small percentage of them were sanctified. It's a curious thing that you very seldom meet a choir where the members are hopefully pious. Seems as if the minute a man or a woman gets religion they lose their voices as far as singing goes.

"Well, it was only natural that this choir should do a good deal of flirting and general carrying on during the sermon, when they were off duty. There were green baize curtains in front of the choir, and the members used to draw them when the sermon began, and shut themselves off from the sight of the parson and the congregation. There was no objection to the curtains, and no sensible person would have made any objection to a reasonable amount of flirting, provided it was done decently and in order, young people being young people, and it not being expected that a choir should be pious. But this yer choir couldn't carry on quietly. Every now and then you'd hear a laugh, or maybe a slap, or maybe a remark, such as, 'Go away!' or, 'Ain't you ashamed of yourself?' or, 'Behave now!' This distracted the attention of the people from the sermon and annoyed the preacher. Half a dozen preachers had tried to stop it, but the choir had beat them every time, and in the end the preachers gave it up and left.

"Doctor Jones was a hard man to beat in whatever way you might tackle him. Besides, he had a contract for three years in his pocket, and that made him independent. The second Sunday after he came to Athensville the choir interrupted his sermon several times. He said nothing at the time, but in the course of the week he let it be generally known that he was going to fight that choir, and meant to win.

"This created a good deal of excitement in the place. The betting was three to one on the choir, for it had always won in previous difficulties, and the majority of the people didn't understand Doctor Jones's plan of campaign. The next Sunday, when the choir came into the gallery, they found that the green baize curtain had been taken away, and that they must do their flirting under the eyes of the audience. But the leading soprano had a remarkably level head. She took off her shawl, and pinned it over the front railing of the gallery. The other women singers followed her example, and then the whole choir carried on worse than ever. First blood, as you might say, was allowed to the choir, and the odds went up to four and four and a half to one.

"The doctor said mighty little, but next Sunday the choir found that the railing had been taken away, and that there was no way of hiding themselves from public gaze. The members did a little whispering together, but they sat pretty quiet till the preacher gave out the hymn that comes in just before the sermon. It was a middling short hymn that he gave out, but the choir didn't sing it. I don't know as you are familiar with the Baptist hymn-book. If you are, you will remember that it has one hymn consisting of three hundred verses—which is meant to be sung in sections—same as we run a train that is too long for one engine. Well, when the preacher gave out his hymn with, it might be, four verses, the choir paid no attention to him, but started in to sing the three-hundred-verse hymn, and, b'gosh! they sung it! They sung it, too, to the slowest tune in their whole vocabulary, and it lasted for two mortal hours.

"The preacher could not get in a word while the singing was going on, for between the verses the organ played its very loudest, and of course the whole services were brought to a standstill. When the hymn was ended it was far too late for any preaching, for it was nearly an hour past everybody's dinner-time, and all the women were on pins and needles, knowing that the meat in the oven, and all the rest of the cooking, would be burned to a coal. The preacher said nothing, and everybody allowed that the choir had come out a long way ahead, and the odds took another rise up to seven to one, with mighty few takers.

"That week the newspaper reporters called on the doctor to get his views of the situation, but he refused to talk. He merely said that, having the right on his side, he had no doubt about the result, and was ready to die in his tracks if it should be necessary in order to defend the principles of his religion. This, of course, was the proper spirit to show, but what everybody wanted to know was how the doctor proposed to get ahead of the choir, and whether he really had any plan or not.

"Another Sunday came round, as they will do, and you can't help yourself. The choir went into the ring with smiling faces, as though they felt sure that they had already won, and the people were half inclined to give them three cheers—not because they approved of the principles that the choir represented, but because they couldn't help admiring the skill and pluck with which they kept their end up. When it came time for the preacher to give out the first hymn, he never gave it out at all, but hove in a long Scripture reading in its place. Then he had the usual prayer, in which he made it pretty hot for the choir, it being his innings, and he naturally making the most of it. Then he had some more Scripture reading, during which the choir began to get uneasy. They whispered together, and, as it was afterwards understood, agreed to rush in with a hymn the moment the preacher finished his prayer. Their idea was to sing the three-hundred-verse hymn over again, and so keep the minister from preaching, just as they had done the last Sunday. But Doctor Jones was too smart to be caught out twice in the same way. He meandered along with his prayer until he was pretty near the end of it, and then he asked for a blessing on the sermon, 'which will be as follows.' Those were his very words, and then, without the least interruption, he sandwiched a whole sermon into that prayer, and preached for three hours by the clock. His sermon was directed at the choir, and he showed that flirting in church was blasphemy of the tallest kind, and that preventing a preacher from delivering a sermon was about four shades worse than murder. The choir stood it for two hours, and then they all got up and went out. The doctor preached right along until his sermon was finished, and then he finished up the tag end of his prayer and dismissed the congregation. Most of them were dead tired, as was natural after three hours of sermon, but they could appreciate good fighting when they saw it, and they came round the preacher and shook hands and congratulated him on his signal victory. That is, all but those who had put big money on the choir and couldn't afford to lose it, for it was clear enough that the preacher was going to win, and that the choir knew that they were beaten."

"Was that the end of it?" I asked, as the station-master paused in his narrative and went to the door.

"No," he replied, as he returned to his seat. "I was just a-looking for a wild-cat that generally comes along about this time, and that will run into the Pacific express if she don't get on to this siding inside of ten minutes. No, there was life in the choir yet, and the doctor knew too much to push his victory too far. There pretty generally comes a time in every fight when a wise man sees that a compromise is wanted. Doctor Jones saw this, and he proposed a compromise. There was a lumber-room in the tower, just behind the organ, and the doctor proposed that this should be fitted up as a settin'-room, and that the choir, when they were not due to sing, should have the privilege of going into the room and passing the time as they might see fit. In this way the choir would get rid of hearing the sermon, and the audience would get rid of hearing or seeing the choir in the act of misconducting themselves in the sacred edifice. The doctor said that, of course, if they were church members, he should insist upon their hearing the sermon for the benefit of their souls; but seeing as they were worldlings, all that he was bound to do was to see that they did not disturb the congregation.

"This compromise was accepted, and the choir, after the room was fitted up, spent most of their time in it. There was every opportunity for flirting, and there was always lemonade on the table. They do say that the tenor and the bass used to play euchre during the sermon, but I don't more than half believe it, though they were both pretty middling bad men. Doctor Jones was perfectly satisfied with the result of the fight, and the choir felt that they were better off than ever before. So you see everybody was satisfied. Even the men that had put their money on the choir came out all right, for when the question who had won was referred by mutual consent to a committee of deacons belonging to sister denominations, it was decided that as the fight had been compromised, it must be considered a draw, and that all bets were off.

"That's the story of the great Baptist fight in Athensville, and there's that wild-cat. Some day she'll be about a minute late in getting on to that siding, and there'll be the biggest kind of a smash-up in front of this station. There's the Pacific express now, whistling just beyond Smith's Bridge. She'll be along here in three minutes. Just come out on the platform and see her pass. She'll hustle, you can bet your sweet life!"

PAINTER AND POET.

To one God gave the brush, to one the pen,
And theirs the blest endeavor to impart
In rhyme and color to the world of men
Some of the loveliness of Nature's heart.

FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN.

JUSTICE JOSEPH FOLGER BARNARD.

THE law-makers of the State of New York have in the past had but scant confidence in the native vigor of the judges, though they might have learned by study and observation that there is no class of mental workers who retain their powers intact to so advanced an age. It is the law, however, that when a justice of the Supreme Court of this State reaches the age of seventy he must retire from the bench. How absurd and costly is this cast-iron rule is shown in the case of Justice Joseph Folger Barnard, who on the 31st of December, 1893, brought his judicial career of thirty years to a premature and unnecessary close. No one who knows him can doubt that, had the State been allowed to retain his services to the end of the last term of fourteen years for which he was elected in 1885, they would have been of the greatest value, for Justice Barnard is to-day as alert, clear-headed, energetic, and sound in body and mind as any man of fifty on the bench. The last important decision rendered by him was in the case of John Y. McKane, which was stubbornly contested, and in which the evidence was extended and complicated. It was studied by Justice Barnard with the utmost patience, analyzed with acuteness, and passed upon in a decision that is a model of terse, luminous, and comprehensive statement. A mind capable of the sustained effort and the firm hold on intricate facts shown by this decision is one that the State can ill afford to lose.

The home of Justice Barnard is, and always has been, in the city of Poughkeepsie, in Dutchess County, on the east bank of the Hudson River, just half-way between the metropolis and the capital. There he was born in 1823, of sturdy stock, his father being a Nantucket sea-captain (related very probably, as the middle name—Folger—indicates, to the family from which Chief Justice Folger was descended, and connected with that of Benjamin Franklin), and his mother an English lady from the border of Wales. Justice Barnard was graduated from Yale in 1841, admitted to the bar in 1844, and in 1863, at the age of forty, was elected to the position on the Supreme Court bench which he has ever since held. That position, honorable as it is, he leaves more honorable than he found it. His ideal of judicial duty has, from the first to the last, been very high. He has never aspired to be a brilliant judge, but he has never failed to be a most accurate, patient, faithful, and upright judge. His power of work is very great. Methodical in habit, simple in his mode of life, temperate, of sound constitution, sustained by systematic open-air exercise, he has never missed a term of his court, never taken a vacation, and never given any man reason by his conduct to complain of "the law's delays." He has habitually opened his court at an early hour, and kept it open as long as there was any useful work to do.

Two instances of his inflexible impartiality may be mentioned, not because they are exceptional with him, but because they are of particular interest to the public—the case of the contest in the Fifteenth Senatorial District, when his order, by which a political opponent would have taken a seat in the Senate, was defeated by Maynard's larceny of the legal returns, and the case of McKane, in which Justice Barnard's decision laid bare, to the indignant scorn of all honest men, the conspiracy to defraud the suffrage in the interest of a Democratic ring. The Justice cannot but miss the absorbing occupation of thirty years, but he is the happy possessor of that rare blessing, an "equal mind," and his fellow-citizens will heartily and gratefully wish him a long period of life in the enjoyment of his well-earned honors.

A RATTLING TIME.

THE CITIES OF THE SOUND.

BY KIRK MUNROE.

"MY dear sir," said Colonel Nicholas Owings, as we sat on the hotel veranda in Olympia, the capital city, "the State of Washington is too modest. For fear of being considered a braggart, she keeps quiet concerning the very things she has the best right to talk about, and in which a large proportion of mankind is most interested. I don't know why it is, but I sometimes think it is because we who are here have struck such a tremendously good thing that it has made us selfish, and determined to keep it to ourselves. Why, sir, we have better timber and more of it than can be found in the regions of the Baltic; ours is a better dairy country than Holland; it is richer in mineral wealth than California; we raise better hops than New York, and better cereals than any other State of the Union; while in Puget Sound we have not only the grandest harbor of the world, but one so located that it alone furnishes the elements of greatness for our State. Here the trade of America with Asia must centre. Here, even now, are arising the great commercial cities of the Pacific coast. Here, on Puget Sound, is the future seat of the Western empire of wealth."

"Where is it to be located, Colonel?"

"Ah, my dear fellow, if I only knew!"

No one who has sailed over the blue waters of Puget Sound, even though he may not have explored more than one in a score of the countless harbors that indent its 1600 miles of coast-line, can wonder at the Colonel's enthusiasm. It is a vast net-work of salt-water estuaries and channels, having an average depth of 400 feet, unvexed by rocks, reefs, or bars, covering an area of one hundred miles in length by thirty in breadth, and having as an outlet to the ocean the superb unobstructed waterway, ninety miles long by ten wide, known as "the Straits" (of Juan de Fuca). Its broader expanses offer room for the evolutions of navies, while in some of its narrower reaches, through which tide currents

OLD COURT-HOUSE, OLYMPIA.

ebb and flow with mighty force, there seems hardly more than room for two ships to sail abreast.

Back from this great area of placid waters stretch the evergreen forests of stately firs and mighty cedars that are at once Washington's greatest beauty and present source of greatest wealth. Recent as the lumber industry is to this region, the loggers and their camps have already vanished from the coast. Working their way inland, taking only the fairest and best, skimming the cream of the forest, as it were, while its bulk is still untouched, their depredations leave little mark, and the shores of the sound are still clad in their primeval vestments of living green. Owing to the copious rainfall of this region and the retention of moisture by these dense forests, the fires that work such havoc in Eastern lumber districts are almost unknown in the country of the sound, nor are its shores disrobed and disfigured by their ravages. In the few places from which the bordering forest has been wholly cleared away, orchards of prime pear and apple trees have taken its place; for here no crop pays so well as fruit. Thus the shores of this far-reaching sea are everywhere green and beautiful; its waters teem with myriads of food fishes, from sardines and herring to halibut and kingly salmon. Wild-fowl in countless numbers find here their winter home, and the dweller in one of the cities of the sound who is also a lover of Nature may meet her at his door in her wildest and most beautiful forms.

While the canoe of the Indian may still be seen on these pleasant waterways, it shares them with ocean steamships, with smaller steam-craft that penetrate every inlet, with four-masted tea-ships from China, and with the lumber fleet of the Pacific. The blue smoke of an Indian camp curls lazily above the tree-tops of some sheltered cove unchanged in appearance from the day of its discovery; but around the next point one may come upon a huge saw-mill, with its fleet of moored timber vessels, ships, barks, brigs, and schooners, lying tiers deep, and waiting to bear the product of Washington forests to the uttermost parts of the earth. Or from the same Indian camp a half-hour of paddling may carry one to commerce-laden wharves; for the busy cities of the sound have not found time to adorn or disfigure themselves with far-reaching suburbs, nor has agriculture yet taken possession to any noticeable extent of the coast lands in their vicinity.

The cities do exist, though, and to the bewildered traveller who visits the sound with a hazy notion that its shores are still a wilderness, broken here and there by rude frontier settlements, they seem to have sprung into being full fledged, with all the metropolitan adjuncts of electric lights and cars, luxurious club-houses and palace hotels, spacious parks, superb business blocks, and miles of handsomely built-up residence streets.

Olympia, our newest State capital, but oldest of the cities of the sound, is located at its extreme head, at the mouth of Des Chutes River. Although its first settlement was made so long ago as 1846, the city of to-day is a modern product, dating from the Pacific coast boom of five years ago. It possesses the unique advantage among Puget Sound cities of rising from the water on a gradual slope instead of scrambling up a precipitous bluff. This gentle ascent ends with a parklike plateau, on which, overlooking the city and bay, stands the State Capitol. The present structure is a long two-storied wooden building, painted white, and resembling a comfortable country school-house; but with an appropriation of a million of dollars, and competing architects already submitting their plans, Washington's State Capitol of the future promises to be a thing of pride and beauty.

Olympia has a population of nearly ten thousand energetic people, who, with the general awakening of the recent boom, determined to make their town as attractive as any other. To this end they graded streets, built a fine hotel, and established an electric plant at Tumwater, two miles out of town, where the Des Chutes, by a series of falls, furnishes a superb water-power. From this plant the town is lighted, the motors of its street railways are supplied, and its telephones are operated. About the Tumwater Falls they laid out a romantic park on a site that Mrs. Julia Ward Howe declared to be one of the most beautiful she had ever visited. In the city they erected two of the finest school-houses in the State; and finally, in conjunction with their fellow-citizens of Thurston County, they invested a quarter of a million of dollars in a new court-house. No better illustration of recent progress in Olympia can be given than a photographic comparison of this building with its wooden predecessor. Having done these things, and planned as many more, and having welcomed the Northern Pacific Railway into their city, the Olympians await with confidence the coming of the other railroads, the steamships, and the people that shall render them mighty and prosperous above all other cities of the sound.

Of their several industries one is probably unique. It is the making of wooden water-pipes for street mains and service, and from the Olympian factory are turned out fifty miles of such pipes annually. Medium-sized logs free from knots are selected, sawed into eight-foot lengths, placed in huge turning-lathes, and reduced to a uniform diameter of about fourteen inches. From each of these is cut a core twelve inches in diameter. From this core is cut another of ten inches, and the successive cuttings are continued until the last core is but two inches in diameter. This is split in two and sawed in half for paling pickets. The several sections of wooden pipes thus made have a tenon or shoulder cut at each end, and are wrapped diagonally with ribbons of steel, are coated with a boiling mixture of asphaltum and coal-tar, and rolled in sawdust. When laid in the ground the sections are joined by broad iron collars; but their wooden ends are kept a quarter of an inch apart, in which fact lies the secret of their durability. These wooden water-pipes, which are guaranteed to withstand a hydrostatic pressure of 250 pounds to the square inch, are in use all over the West, as far east as the Rocky Mountains. The company making them also contracts to supply towns and small cities with water-works, carrying out every detail, from the printing and placing of its bonds, the construction of its reservoir, and the laying of its mains, to the final ordering of festivities with which to celebrate the introduction of water to its hydrants, and the playing of the first stream over the church steeple by the local fire-engine.

Olympians are very proud of their own mountains, the snow-capped Olympics, that bound their northern and western horizons with ranges of glittering splendor, and conceal within their rugged fastnesses one of the most notable and least frequented large-game regions of the country. They would also express a pardonable pride in the beautiful peak that rears its head in solitary grandeur nearly 15,000 feet toward heaven some fifty miles to the eastward, but they don't know what to call it. Its name is only known for a certainty in two cities, and each of these is convinced that its neighbor is in error concerning it. As for all the other worshippers of this white-robed mountain, they name it as seldom as possible, and when compelled to do so they first "size up" their listener. If they discover him to be from Tacoma they call it Mount Tacoma, while if he belongs in Seattle they speak of it as Mount Rainier. If they cannot decide with which city his sympathies lie they deprecatingly say, "Mount Tacoma, or Rainier, as it is called," or else, "Mount Rainier, or Tacoma, as it is called." They want to talk about it, and long for some safely neutral name to use in telling you that it presents three distinct peaks to them, while showing but two to Tacoma and only one to Seattle.

In the controversy over the name of this mountain all the rivalry between Tacoma and Seattle finds expression. I know of one Tacoma man who refused to be introduced to a person whom he had been most anxious to meet because he happened to overhear the latter refer to Mount Rainier. In Seattle many subscribers were once obtained to an Eastern magazine in which an article on their city was to appear. It was published, and was as laudatory of them as the most captious Seattleite could desire, but not a copy was sold in the city, nor would a subscriber allow a copy to enter his house, because, by an unpardonable oversight, the writer had called the disputed mountain "Tacoma."

WASHINGTON STATE CAPITOL.

In the Seattle stationery shops they keep slips of paper with "Mount Rainier" neatly printed on them for pasting over the "Mount Tacoma" that sometimes appears on maps they are obliged to sell. They also carefully erase the words "Mount Tacoma" from all souvenir photographs bearing it that come into their possession and substitute "Mount Rainier" before selling them. No doubt these same things are done in Tacoma, only in reversed order.

The Tacoma man will explain with convincing earnestness that Ta-ko-mah was the aboriginal name of the mountain for centuries before the white settlement of the country; that it is not only euphonious, but beautifully poetical in its meaning—"the breast that nourishes." "Surely," he will say, "a most appropriate name for a mountain whose glacial

NEW COURT-HOUSE, OLYMPIA.

streams perpetually nourish the plains at its feet. And who was this Rainier, anyhow? An Englishman who not only never saw this country, but was inimical to it and its institutions."

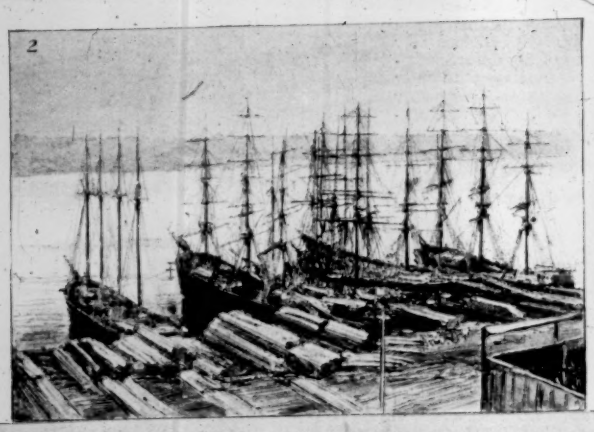
When you repeat this to your friend in Seattle he will assume a fine expression of mingled scorn and pity for your credulity, and exclaim: "That's all bosh. Tacoma doesn't mean anything of the kind. The word simply means mountain, and nothing more. As for the name Rainier, it was given by Vancouver, the first white man who ever saw the mountain, and who certainly earned the right to name what he discovered. It appears on his charts of this region, and as all his nomenclature has been adopted by the United States Coast Survey, there is no reason why an exception should be made in this case. This silly row about nothing is all poppycock, anyhow. I for one am tired of it, and wish those fellows over there would drop it. Rainier it is, and Rainier it will be for all time, even if we have to go up and chisel the name on the mountain-side in letters a thousand feet long."

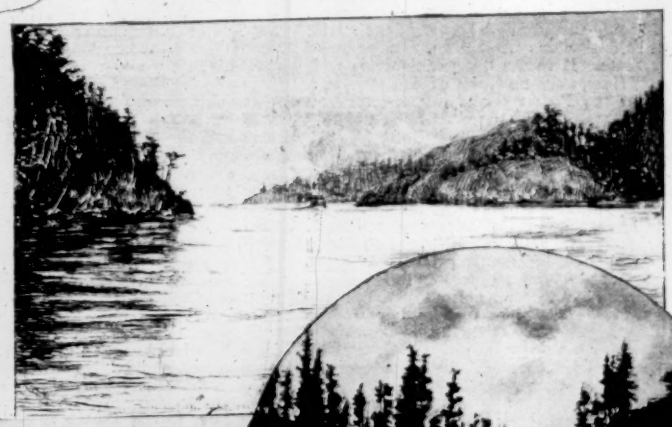
So for him who would maintain friendly relations with both camps it is well to remember that "Tacoma" is the countersign in Tacoma, and "Rainier" in Seattle, while on neutral ground the subject of contention should be spoken of as "the Mountain," "the Beautiful Mountain," "the Disputed Mountain," or "the Fuziama of America."

It has been suggested that the question might be settled by compromise and popular vote, by submitting the combinations "Taconier" and "Raicoma" to the people of the two cities, and calling for an expression of preference from every man, woman, and school-child in them. Outsiders are apparently quite willing, for the sake of peace, to call the mountain by any name approved by the cities. By this means a controversy to which no other end seems possible might happily be concluded.

In using the word controversy I would not intimate that the rivalry between these two most prominent cities of the sound is bitter, or partakes in any degree of the nature of a quarrel. On the contrary, it is most generous, and is conducted with extreme courtesy. They are about forty miles apart by the present connecting line of railroad, and twenty-nine by water. The trip by sail from Tacoma to Seattle, across the Indian reservation that borders on the former city, and through the luxuriant hop fields of the Puyallup Valley, now occupies about one and a half hours, but another line is in process of construction along the coast that promises to shorten the time by one-half. For those who prefer water to rail there are many boats, and you may "Fly by the Flyer," as the advertisements say, from city to city in an hour and twenty-five minutes. By means of these several connections the two cities are constantly exchanging visits and courtesies. The fire department and Odd-fellows and knights of various orders that march in either city gladly seize upon every pretext for entertaining similar organizations in the other. The two Chambers of Commerce, while straining every nerve in behalf of their respective cities, are firmly united on all matters pertaining to the Puget Sound regions in general, or the State of Washington at large. The rival yacht clubs of the two cities so arrange their regattas that they may be held alternately in the waters of each. Tacoma's Sunday-schools visit Seattle's Lake Washington for their picnics, while Seattle society turns out *en masse* to attend the annual tennis tournament for the championship of the Northwest—a very notable event that is always held in Tacoma—and the ball with which tournament week ends. Thus, while there is a rivalry, it is a very pleasant one, and the two cities are seeking their destiny along such different lines that there is no reason for it to be otherwise. Each is the terminus of a great transcontinental railroad, Tacoma of the Northern Pacific, and Seattle of the Great Northern. Both have saw-mills, and are ready to supply the world with lumber. Tacoma has an established line of steamers to Japan and China; Seattle hopes to have one in the near future. Thus far they are alike; beyond this they are different.

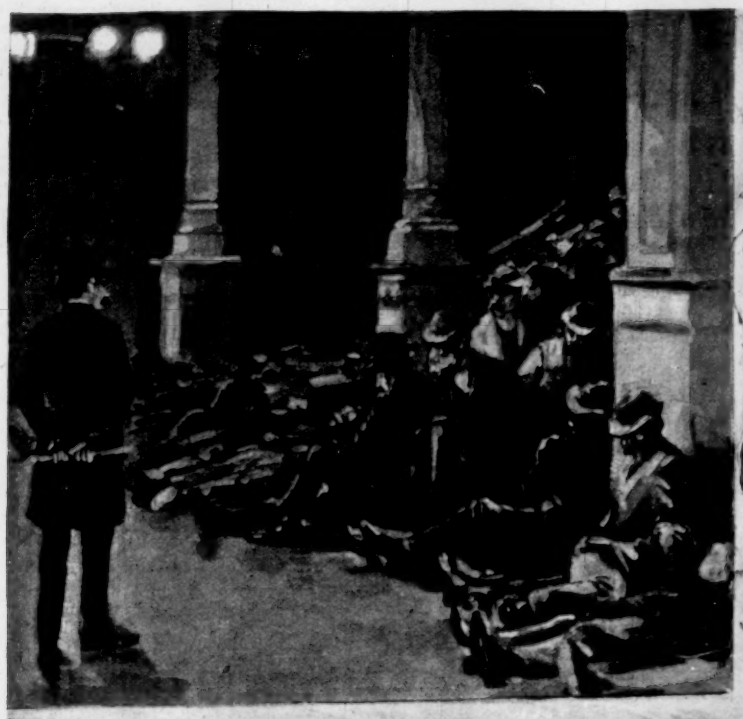
Seattle, with its population of over 50,000, is the larger of the two by 10,000 inhabitants. It makes the more money and transacts the greater amount of business. Tacoma spends more money, and has a better time. The tourist visits Seattle, but lingers in Tacoma; the drummer stops at Tacoma, but hurries on to Seattle. The most flourishing hotels in Seattle are those located on its business streets. In Tacoma those are most popular that offer the finest views and broadest piazzas. Tacoma is a city of good taste. Seattle shows evidences of good taste. In the latter city a

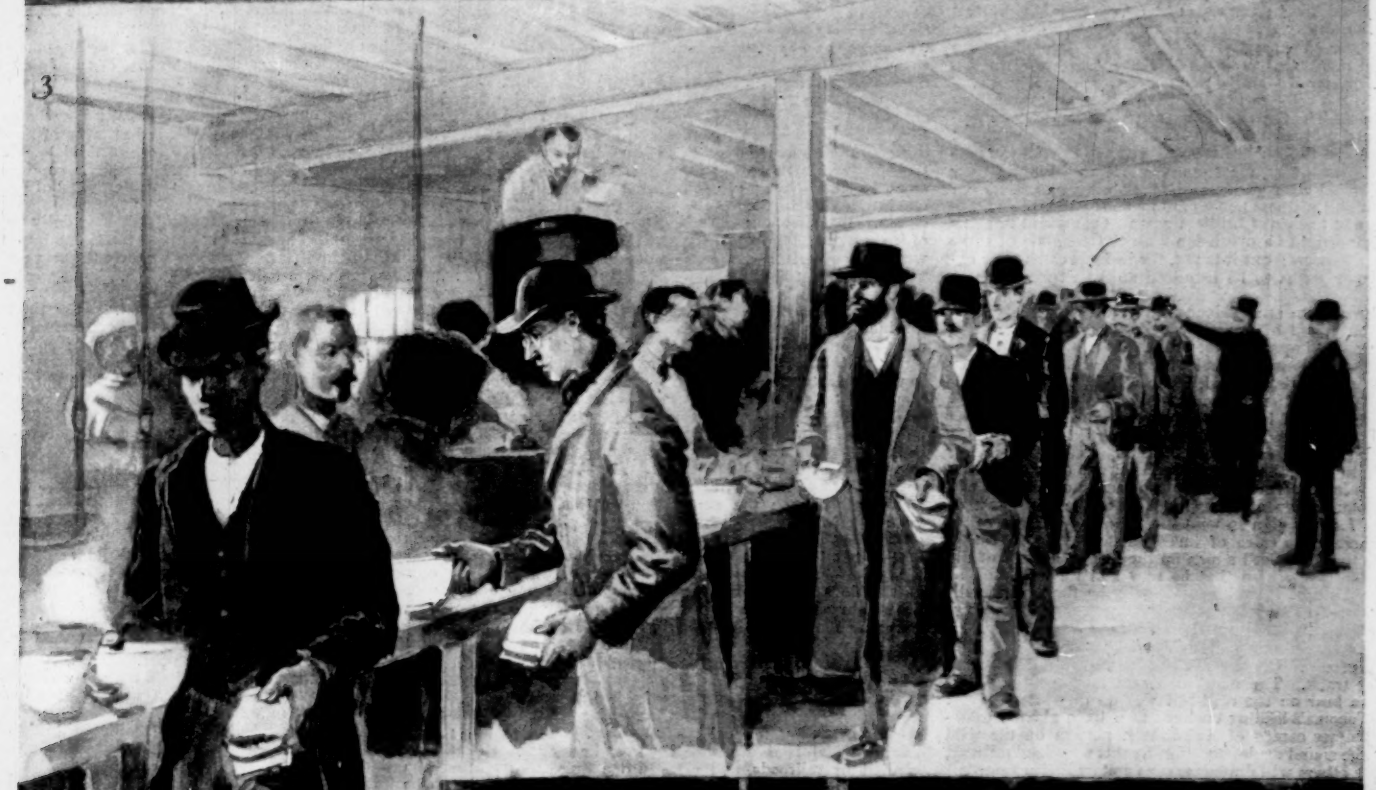




CITIES OF THE SOUND.

1. Seattle. 2. Ships loading with Lumber, Tacoma. 3. Deception Pass, Washington. 4. Hop-Fields near Olympia. 5. Snoqualmie Falls. 6. The disputed Mountain—Mount Rainier or Mount Tacoma. 7. A Hop-Kiln. 8. Wharves, Tacoma. 9. Kinnear Park, Tacoma.





AMONG THE UNEMPLOYED OF CHICAGO.—Drawn by Charles Mente.—[See Page 38.]

1. The Corridor of the City Hall at Night. 2. Three Hours' Work "on a Broom" for Three Meals and a Lodging. 3. The Lake-side Kitchen—a Meal for the asking, and as many more as you can hold. 4. A Lodging-House. The Foreman's Ticket—"Three Hours' Work Done"—secures a Bed.

public building was to occupy a most prominent situation. It was designed to be five stories high, with a dome to correspond. For some reason the city fathers decided that three stories would answer every purpose. So they eliminated two of those originally planned, but neglected to reduce the dome by a proportionate number of feet. The result is that as the traveller approaches Seattle by water its most conspicuous object is this three-story building apparently crushed beneath the weight of its five-story dome.

In its *Post-Intelligencer* Seattle possesses one of the four great newspapers of the coast. At Quartermaster's Harbor, Tacoma owns the one dry-dock of the sound. Both cities possess saw-mills that are said to be the largest in the world, but Seattle's greatest mill is located eight miles away, across the sound, where it, and the shipping attracted by it, are hidden from sight. Tacoma's two great mills are so near at hand that their vessels must come into the harbor, where they make a brave show along the city's water-front. On the other hand, Seattle's wharves, while not empty of shipping, are also lined with light-draught steamers, that carry her trade far up the Snohomish, the Skagit, and other rivers, as well as to all parts of the sound. The San Francisco steamers are impartial in their attentions, and visit both cities. So do the Alaska steamers and those running to Victoria.

The abundance and cheapness of lumber in this region are strikingly shown in all the cities of the sound, where most of the business streets are paved with four-inch planks. The life of such pavements is only two or three years, but even with these frequent renewals it is claimed that they are cheaper than any other. Tacoma has recently made a move toward more permanent roadways by laying a bituminous rock pavement on Pacific Avenue and one other of her principal business thoroughfares.

Although, like most of the sound cities, Tacoma occupies high ground, rising in a sheer bluff from the bay, this fact is not so immediately apparent in her case as in some others. There is a narrow strip of land at the foot of the bluffs that affords space for the railroad and wharves. From this a broad, comfortably graded roadway, a continuation of Pacific Avenue, has been cut from the hill-side, and gives easy access to the city proper. From the first bench thus reached the city climbs to yet other heights, on which are laid out the residence streets, and which command superb water and mountain views. There is no crowding in Tacoma. The city has ample room for growth, and, as a consequence, its dwellings are detached villas surrounded by flower beds. The flowers of this sound region are wonderful in their profusion, the luxuriance of their growth, and the richness of their coloring; while apparently all the people are flower-lovers, for from Victoria to Olympia their cities are filled with gardens of blossoming plants. Even the tiniest and plainest houses are made beautiful by climbing vines and masses of brilliant color. One might imagine that the air would be overladen with the perfume of these millions of flowers; but it is not, for in most cases their excess of color seems to be acquired at the expense of fragrance.

Of course there are evidences in every direction of Tacoma's youth, and of the wilderness with which it is still struggling. Stumps of primeval forest trees yet stand within its limits, and its surface is furrowed by deep ravines, some of which are partially filled, while others are spanned by wooden bridges. In many cases—in fact, in most cases—embankments are held in check by retaining walls of logs, and in one instance a roadway crosses a deep gulch on an arched bridge constructed entirely of logs. The electric railway, twelve miles long, that runs from the city to old Fort Steilacoom, crossing the Tacoma peninsula and connecting the waters of Commencement Bay with those of the upper sound, threads a forest region so wild that along two-thirds of its length there is no trace of human habitation. In riding over this road I noticed a man on the front platform of the car who carried a gun that he now and then pointed as though aiming at something. Finally he fired. Immediately the car was stopped, and the hunter, walking a short distance ahead, picked up the rabbit he had just killed. Before we reached our journey's end he had also bagged a brace of grouse. On our return trip we saw a deer bound across the track. The motorman said they often did that, and that a bear on the road-bed was no uncommon sight. Two of Tacoma's leading business men have already established summer camps of Adirondack pattern on the wild shore of the sound made accessible by this woodland railway, and many others will doubtless soon follow their example.

For all its newness, and the wilderness that still frowns upon it, Tacoma contains all the elements of comfort and luxury that are to be found in the cities of the Atlantic coast. Its private residences and public buildings are at once beautiful and substantial. Its schools are noticeably numerous, with buildings externally attractive, spacious, and filled with the most improved of modern appliances. Its two great hotels, designed especially for the accommodation of tourists, leave nothing to be desired in the way of location, arrangement, or service. Of its social clubs the Union, whose house is charmingly situated at the junction of business and residence portions of the town, on the crest of a bluff overlooking a broad sweep of the sound and its islands, might, from the character of its inmates, be called the "University." Here the familiar talk is of Harvard and Yale, Newport and Lenox, New York and Boston, London and Paris. Here, when they run into the city for a breath of its life, gather the wide-awake young fellows from the far East who have cast their lot with this far West, and are booming new town sites in the interior of the State, developing its mines or lumber industry, or experimenting with hop or cattle ranches. All of these talk with a breezy confidence of what they are doing or propose to do that is at once amusing and inspiriting. During the recent business depression those who had gone into real estate were particularly hard pushed, and were obliged to strain every nerve to keep their heads above water. In spite of their distress, their confidence in the future of Washington, and that they had a "solid grip" on fortune, was so unshaken that they only made a joke of their difficulties. One of the brightest and most seriously embarrassed of this class, a young fellow from over the mountains, was giving a humorous account of his tribulations in the Union Club smoking-room. His hearers roared with merriment, and his own laugh was heartiest of all. At length some one said,

"Never mind; cheer up, old boy; you still have a fine laugh left."

"Have I?" replied the real-estate man. "Well, I wouldn't if I could mortgage it."

The Commercial Club, situated in the heart of the business portion of the town, is, as its name suggests, an adjunct to the Chamber of Commerce, and was organized solely for the advancement of local interests. Here, from twelve to two o'clock each day, are gathered groups of earnest business men, who lunch together and talk Tacoma. From it emanate tons of literature relative to the city, the region, and the State, while the chief business of its secretary is to answer inquiries from all parts of the world concerning the new Northwest.

If we leave Tacoma and "Fly by the Flyer" to Seattle, we shall find a state of affairs similar in many respects, but very different in others. Here are fewer flowers, less laughter, and a scarcity of tennis-courts, but more business. The social club of Seattle, the Rainier, occupies a handsome brick building, more substantial and more elegantly appointed than the Union of Tacoma, but situated downtown, and surrounded by business blocks that intercept its view on all sides. Its members are more sedate, and they never speak lightly of business. In Seattle we find the same spacious school-houses and ample facilities for education. We find one hundred miles of cable and electric street railways, and we find a city whose entire business quarter was destroyed by fire in 1889, at a loss of $10,000,000, but which was so rapidly and substantially rebuilt that four years later the visiting stranger sought in vain for a trace of the disaster. In dogged determination and energetic push Seattle reminds one most strongly of Chicago.

The city occupies a tongue of land about three miles wide, bounded on the east by a large fresh-water lake, and on the north by Lake Union, a much smaller sheet of fresh water. The ascent of the city from the bay is so steep that the streets running parallel to the water are terraced one above the other. The descent of a cross-street in a cable-car is like the rush of a toboggan, with a pause for breath on each terrace. In the matter of street signs Seattle is wofully lacking. The stranger is told that they are not necessary, as all the thoroughfares running parallel with the water-front are numbered, while cross-streets are lettered, so that any one knowing how to count and remembering his alphabet can find his way. This is all right in theory, but one is so apt to lose his count or to forget the letter with which he started that it is all very perplexing.

Seattle's capacity for business shows itself in some two hundred and fifty manufacturing concerns, including fifteen saw-mills, about one hundred jobbing houses, two hundred steamboats, as fine an array of retail shops as can be found on the coast, and twenty banks. Just now the city's proudest boast is that not one of these was forced to close its doors during all the recent months of financial depression.

As one enters a cable-car at the water-front, and is whirled away swiftly and easily up the steep many-terraced hill, he finally reaches a summit from which the land slopes gently down to the beautiful shores of Lake Washington. In this great body of fresh water, twenty-five miles long, three wide, and of depth so ample that in some parts soundings give one hundred fathoms, lies the prime reason for Seattle's location. In it she bases her brightest hopes, and by means of it she expects to become one of the great seaports of the world. Nowhere is the teredo more destructive than in the waters of Puget Sound, where it has been known to utterly destroy substantial piling within a single year. The bottoms of iron sea-going ships foul so rapidly with barnacles and marine grasses that the necessity for them to go into dry-dock or into *fresh water*, where these clogging accretions quickly die and drop off, is constant. A forcible argument in favor of the Nicaragua canal is that vessels may stop midway, and be subjected to the cleansing fresh-water influences of Lake Nicaragua. Seattle proposes that its future harbor shall not be in the salt, teredo-infested waters of Elliot Bay, but in the fresh, perfectly protected, and cleansing waters of Lake Washington. A ship-canal six miles long, by way of Lake Union, will connect it with the sound. Immediately upon the completion of this, fifty miles of wharfage front on the lake will be ready for occupancy, while Seattle will possess a unique and one of the finest deep-water harbors in the world. Coal for ships' use is here cheap, abundant, and close at hand. Millions of acres of the finest timber lands now available in any country lie within easy reach of Lake Washington, while the surrounding hills contain inexhaustible beds of iron ore. In the language of the Seattleites, Lake Washington presents a proposition of such magnificent possibilities as to be infinite and beyond imagining.

To-day the dimpling waters of this future harbor of the "coast" are dotted only with the pleasure craft of the city, while on its western shore is a long line of parks, most beautiful of which is Madrona, and scores of cottages. But it is girdled by railroads, and already one huge blast-furnace has found lodgement on its eastern shore. A few years more will see its beauty gone forever, and its life of strict utility begun.

In the foregoing paragraphs I have tried, so far as the limits of a hasty sketch will allow, and without the dry aid of statistics, to outline the most salient points of dissimilarity, and sum up the advantages of the two chief cities of the sound. After all, I doubt if any summing up could be more conclusive than that of a recent visitor to the Rainier Club, who remarked, at the conclusion of a long consideration of the relative merits of the two cities, "Well, gentlemen, if I were a man of wealth seeking a home and investments on Puget Sound, I would live in Tacoma and invest in Seattle."

There are other cities of the sound, a legion of them on the map, and at least three that are worthy of a much more extended mention than the limits of this article will allow. On the western shore, and commanding its chief entrance, is Port Townsend, home of government officials and scene of their labors, outwardly placid, but just beneath the surface a seething political caldron. Every man in Port Townsend who is not in office is either striving to be or to install some one else, while those in power are straining every nerve to maintain their positions. Here is the port of entry and the clearing-house for the sound. Here is the distributing post-office for the entire Northwest coast, here lie the revenue-cutters, here live the secret-service men and the pilots, and here is the one military post of the sound region. Port Townsend bases its chief hopes for the future on the vast system of coast defences that it claims must be established in its immediate vicinity for the protection of the great inland sea whose entrance it overlooks and guards.

Away up at the head of the sound, sixty miles or so north of Seattle, and located nearly ten miles apart, at the north and south ends of Bellingham Bay, are two more cities, of about 10,000 inhabitants each, that are pushing themselves to the front with indomitable pluck and energy. The one to the south is Everett, protégé of the Great Northern Railway, and its neighbor on the north is Fairhaven, whose growth is fostered by the Canadian Pacific. Even in their infancy these places exhibit a decided inclination toward making things out of iron and wood. The indications are that another generation will find them merged into one great manufacturing centre, containing at least 100,000 inhabitants. These will work in iron and steel, and in smelteries and reduction works, and will handle gold and silver and coal and lumber, and glittering advertisements will be no longer needed to spread their fame to the remotest parts of the world.

There is more, infinitely more, to be said on this fascinating subject of the cities of the sound, but it must all be left for another opportunity. In the mean time I would repeat the advice given me by the pilot of a sound steamer, who said, "Mister, while cruising around these United States hunting for places that are alive and up to the times, if you don't want to get left, just keep your eye pretty steady on Puget Sound."

THE DISTRESS IN CHICAGO.

THERE is an especial and peculiar sadness in the great distress that prevails in the city of Chicago during this trying winter. It is not that a starving and shivering man is not a starving and shivering man anywhere, or that the sight of human suffering is in any condition a matter for rejoicing. But those who remember the festal appearance and the broad gayety of the Western metropolis during the season of the exposition cannot but wince at the contrast between then and now.

It is perfectly true that even while the feast of the fair was at its height the thin fingers of Want were writing on the wall. Across the river, in the wildernesses of the West Side, where Jews and Bohemians print their own daily papers and live in a city of their own, bread and meat were distributed from the synagogues as early as last September. The millions who marvelled at the wonders of the White City knew little of this. Few heard of it; but the Jewish committee that gave the alms gave with tears in their eyes. Many citizens of Chicago were not altogether dazzled by the brilliance of the World's Fair and the music in the streets. They knew what the writing on the wall meant, and were not therefore surprised when the signs were made clear, and when Want stood at the gate and entered.

In the recent convention of the American Federation of Labor that was held in the City Council chamber it was asserted by the delegates that represented the trades-unions of Chicago that more than 100,000 men were walking the streets of the city looking for work. It is said by some of the citizens who are engaged in the work of relief that this estimate is rather large. The wage men say it is not. The charity-workers have it that this number is the total of unemployed persons in the city, including the women who are thrown out of work by the forced idleness of the factories. But one important item in the plea of the labor delegates is significant. The Illinois Steel Company, a concern that employed 7000 men, is not turning out a pound of product. It is completely "shut down."

Towards the close of the World's Fair daily meetings of the unemployed were held around the Columbus Monument on the Lake Front. One day a riot at the very portal of the City Hall was quelled by the police. Then work was given to all of the unemployed who would accept it, or could accept it, on the big drainage canal. After the fair closed thousands of idle men emerged from somewhere—sprang up from under the granite streets, it seemed; poured into the city from neighboring towns on the south, north, west, and east. These men had no place to sleep, nothing to eat. In sheer humanity the City Hall was given up to them, and night after night, since the middle of November, the great corridors of the building and its stairways of iron and stone were turned into dormitories—hard beds, but warm ones, at least. The homeless, the hungry, cried aloud, and the peace of the city was disturbed. The churches discussed the advisability of throwing open their edifices to those who had not whereon to lay their heads, but this movement was abandoned. Why, no one seemed to know. Then a crank in a suburban town issued a printed circular calling for twelve thousand armed unemployed men to meet at a certain hour at the Columbus Monument, go up into the city and take what they thought they wanted.

This odd and highly impracticable suggestion crystallized the movement for the relief of the poor, and a general committee of the rich men, called the Central Relief Association, was formed. The churches and their representatives in the ministry got together, and set to work at once in organizing societies and committees for investigation and relief. At that time the City Hall was the public dormitory, and a visit there at night was like a walk through a potter's field of unburied dead. The air of the main corridors became corrupt, and has not yet been purified, although the lodgers were forbidden to enter a fortnight ago. The Central Relief Association worked hard, and soon had a great soup-kitchen on the Lake Front at the foot of Randolph Street. Here are fed daily about four thousand persons. This establishment does not undertake to lodge the poor, but it feeds them. No restrictions are placed on the applicant. He may fill himself there once, twice, or thrice a day, as he wishes. And its fires are burning incessantly. In other parts of the city are seven establishments in which the needy are fed and lodged. All the outlying feeding stations have dormitories attached, and the work is growing.

But those who are at the head of the committee of relief say that, bad as the present is, they have no doubt of the future being worse. The lists of the unemployed are being filled up every day. More than this: It has gone abroad that Chicago is feeding and lodging its poor, and—so say the Relief Committee—the poor of other cities are flocking thither. Police guard the railway stations. All vagrants, and such as cannot satisfy the authorities that they are not vagrants, are sent directly back to the place they started from. Those who can elude the police and gain the streets of the city are accepted without question and taken care of.

The Relief Committee seeks to attend, in the main, such men as have no homes. In this class are mixed up professional tramps, vagrants, honest men out of work, and others that are houseless and penniless. One class of unemployed men are handled in another fashion; these are young fellows who came to see the World's Fair, saw it, spent their money, and then tried to find work in the city. Many of these are comfortably clothed, and have good homes elsewhere. To all such as wish to return railroad tickets are supplied; but it must be said that Chicago is not shirking any of her responsibilities in the charity-work she is doing.

By far the largest and the most pitiful distress is not to be found among the single unemployed men who have no homes. There are thousands of honest working-men who have nothing for their families. Efforts are being made by the churches to help these families so far as can be. The county agent is an excellent adjunct to the churches, but the force of work is weakened by the limit that is put upon it. He is permitted to relieve one family but once a month.

M. A. LANE.

THIS BUSY WORLD

THE attention of the Society for Psychical Research is respectfully called to the following true story. On Sunday, the 31st of December last, a middle-aged woman, in apparent good health, complained repeatedly to her husband that she had forebodings of disaster. She was taken to church in the morning, but got no relief; visited the sick, but without improvement in her feelings; ate three substantial meals, with some resulting temporary diversion of thought, but no real abatement of forebodings. At nine o'clock in the evening, her presentiments becoming acute, she took, by advice, several tonic pills and went to bed. Her presentiments were promptly justified early the next morning, when the housemaid and laundress (a single individual) gave notice of her immediate departure, and went the same day, leaving a week's washing on the hands of the family. It transpired that the said maid had had a falling out with her married sister, as a consequence of which she had left her sister's house and taken a situation. But the sisters, meeting on the Saturday before New-Year's, had made up their differences, with the result that the unmarried one had immediately abandoned her place to take a job in a shop. During the Sunday, therefore, when the lady's sensations were so troubled the housemaid was maturing her plans and summoning resolution to execute them. It belongs to the doctors of psychology to say whether the inference is warranted that the mind of the mistress was disturbed by the plottings of the maid, albeit she had no glimmer of suspicion that any conspiracy was in progress.

Another true story of the same sort, also of recent occurrence, relates to a gentleman of mature years, who, after a long and not discreditable experience with alcoholic beverages, formed a sudden resolution to abandon their use. On that day the gentleman's son, who was pursuing his studies in an institution of learning, had made an engagement with certain of his young colleagues to drink beer in the evening in a neighboring saloon. But as evening approached, affected apparently by the parental impulse, he became conscious of an unusual disinclination towards the consumption of intoxicants, and though he kept his engagement, he drank no beer. At last accounts the abstemiousness of both parent and son had been maintained, and threatened to become habitual.

This last incident recalls a curious phenomenon which has been ascertained to be common in the experience of Christian Scientists. It is well known that some of them have regular patients, who apply immediately, by letter or telegram, for mental treatment of any sudden malady that overtakes them. Several healers have testified that it commonly happens that hours before the request of a patient for treatment reaches them they are forewarned of it by experiencing themselves the symptoms of the malady they are expected to cure. Thus a Christian Scientist who is seized while at a dinner party with a headache or a sudden fit of sneezing, at once becomes impatient to get home and find out from the telegram that awaits her whose head is splitting or who has caught cold. This may read like a fable, but the truth of it can easily be proved.

Is it not a reasonable inference from facts of this sort, which seem to attest the sub-conscious influence of one mind upon another, that the attempt of any reformer to induce another person to cleave to any particular form of personal righteousness has a better chance of succeeding if the reformer's zeal is sufficient to induce in him a determination to adhere to that particular branch of righteousness himself? There is no apparent common-sense reason, for example, why a moderate drinker should not preach abstinence to the intemperate, but as a matter of fact is it not usually found that in order to preach abstinence with results that are any way satisfactory a man must be ready to abstain himself? A man who is merely temperate will do to preach temperance, and that is a worthy task, and needs attention. But abstinence seems possible to a good many men to whom temperance is not, and for such unfortunates an exhorter who is merely temperate is hardly likely to be effectual. It is the worst of preaching, anyway (or perhaps the best), that it should take such a lot of practice to make it take hold. The preacher who says "Go!" might just as well take down his sign, for the man who can say "Come!" is sure to do all the business.

But preaching is not everybody's job. "Go" is a good and useful word that stands for discipline. People who won't go right themselves, and cannot be led, must either be driven or left to go their own way at their own gait. How far such folks can be herded into the straight and narrow path by faithful prodding in the rear is, and has always been, an interesting question. The Inquisition, in its day, tried to solve it, but is generally held to have failed. The Elmira Reformatory has tried it with modern methods, and not without a large measure of success. The trouble still seems to be, however, that the men who do the prodding begin by loving the sinner and end by loving to prod him. The sort of gradual degeneration to which disciplinarians are liable is aptly illustrated by a current newspaper story of the late Henry W. Paine, who retired, after five years' service, from the office of prosecuting attorney of Kennebec County, Maine, because, he said, he began to feel disappointed when he failed to secure convictions, and that irrespective of his personal belief in the guilt or innocence of the accused.

But the Elmira Reformatory by no means admits that it has suffered from this sort of degeneration. Its managers have issued in their defence a little pamphlet, made up largely of short letters from discharged or paroled prisoners, attesting the great good that their stay in the reformatory did them. Great good has undoubtedly been done in many cases; but the nice ethical problem remains whether the reform of a certain percentage of the prisoners is well bought at the cost of excessive punishments to others who got no good. Punishment in wise hands is a valuable force; and in a reformatory it is of high importance that it should not be wasted either by bestowing it on an amendable person in excess of his requirements, or by lavishing it by wholesale on cases that it does not help. A reformatory is a factory for making bad boys good. There is more or less waste in every factory, and if in the one at Elmira some of the raw material is spoiled in the effort to make it up, it might be argued that that is inevitable, and ought to be excused. What favors that view is the belief that unless such raw material as goes into the mill at Elmira can be made into "goods," it is worse than useless ever afterwards. It has been the complaint of some of the ex-prisoners from Elmira who disapprove of Mr. Brockway's methods that they were punished so much at the reformatory that there was not even the making of efficient criminals left in them. But, after all, that would hardly be a complaint that society need take great alarm at were it not that excessive punishments not only spoil the criminal, but is ruinous also to the reformatory.

If you are a person who uses merely literary literature, you may never have heard of the popular author named Haswell. Charles H. Haswell is his more complete name, and in evidence of his popularity it is remarkable that one of his books is in its fifty-ninth edition. It is further remarkable about this very popular work that it is desperately dry reading; so much so that one may permit himself to doubt whether any single person except the author ever read it all through. There are neither stories, nor essays, nor poems, nor opinions in it, but facts, tersely expressed, and figures. *The Engineer's Pocket-book* is its title. Every mechanic and every engineer knows it, and most of them carry it in their pockets, and read a little in it almost every day. For fifty years the Harpers have been publishing this book for Mr Haswell, issuing, on the average, a new edition every ten months. Few of the authors on their list wear as well as that. Novels grow stale and poetry goes out of fashion, but Mr. Haswell's tables and formulas are as indispensable now as when he first put them between covers, and wear and sell with a continuity that is fit to make a publisher sigh to think he cannot copyright the multiplication table.

The people of the State of New York have met with a grave loss in the death of Oscar Craig, of Rochester, late president of the State Board of Charities. Mr. Craig was a successful lawyer, with a high professional reputation and a valuable practice, which for ten years past it has cost him much more trouble to keep down than to build up. Having no children, he seemed in his later years to take the dependent classes of the State to be his family. As a lawyer he was known for his accuracy and the scrupulous care he took to have his business thoroughly done. The same qualities made his charitable work immensely valuable. He was shrewd, patient, guileless, profoundly unselfish, of a serene temper perfectly controlled, and a pervasive charity that made him uniformly kind to every one except himself. It is a great pity that there should have been any exception to his kindness, for it was his devotion to his charitable work and his neglect of his own health, in the face of his physician's warning, that has cut his usefulness prematurely short. The trouble was that he was the right man in the right place, and it was extremely hard for him to get out of it. He inspired confidence everywhere. One of his most troublesome duties was the investigation of charges of mismanagement in the State institutions—wearisome business, involving a great amount of drudgery and the sifting of all sorts of conflicting evidence. When such jobs were referred to any Board on which Mr. Craig sat there was a general sense of relief among those that knew him, in the conviction that whatever truth was at the bottom of the business in hand, he would contrive to bring it to the top, and would see that substantial justice was done. He never seemed to have leisure to admire his own qualities, and so he escaped the inconveniences that result from that sort of introspection. His own personality never seemed to get between him and his work. All sorts of politicians respected and honored him, and when he could not get from them what he wanted, he was always ready to make the best of what he could get, and wait for the rest.

For fourteen years Mr. Craig gave from a quarter to a half of his available time to the business of the people of this State. It was valuable time, which was constantly in demand at profitable rates. It was time, too, that he often needed very sorely for the recuperation of his energies. But he gave it freely and persistently, without pay or compensation of any sort except what comes of doing good. Not but what that reward was ample. It was. It helped to make him happy and honored and successful; for it is success of almost the highest quality to have been such a citizen as he was, and to have left such a record behind. E. S. MARTIN.

THE AMATEUR.

"Help! help! for Heaven's sake, Ned!"
"Just try and work him back about two yards, John. There is an elegant background, and I want an exposure of this."

TAMMANY'S POLICE DEPARTMENT.

THE police force of New York is in some respects the most important department of the municipal government. On its efficiency depends the safety of life and the security of property. It stands between law-abiding citizens and the criminals who would prey upon them. During the year just closed New York has expended $5,310,000 to maintain its police force. For the coming year there has been already appropriated $5,139,000. This sum ought to be sufficient to make New York as free from crime as any great city in the world, and to suppress every open manifestation of illegal vice. If the boast of our people of the excellence and superiority of the force were true, and if we actually do have in the rank and file the finest body of policemen in the country, the lax enforcement of certain criminal laws and the successful audacity of those who commit election frauds are serious reflections upon the men who are at the head of the department. The character of the patrolmen is, perhaps, with some exceptions, as good as can be enlisted in the semi-military duty which the police are called upon to render. Whether as much can be said of the policemen who gain high rank in the force is a matter of considerable doubt. Recent charges and revelations compel suspension of judgment, and excite uncertainty as to the integrity of any policeman who has gained the rank of captain. This is not saying that one is warranted in believing that all the police captains and inspectors and the Superintendent himself are corrupt. It is saying, however, that every one who is in any way in authority in the force is under suspicion. A jury must assume in law that every accused man is innocent until he is found guilty, but in morals and in municipal politics we are at liberty to ask each officer of police to prove that he is not like many, perhaps the most, of his fellows.

The police force of New York is governed by politicians. Its management is due to a conspiracy that was made more than twenty years ago, when William M. Tweed was strengthening his power over the city through the Republican majority in the Legislature at Albany. In order that corrupt laws might be enacted by persons not responsible to the people of this city, executive departments of the city government were turned over to the State. In return for the spoils thus secured, Tweed and his fellow-thieves obtained the enactment of what laws they desired, including amendments to the charter of the city. As time went on, the State surrendered its patronage in the city to the Mayor, but reserved the right of removal—a right nearly as valuable as that of appointment, but the abuse of which is not so likely to create a scandal.

On the pretence of taking the police out of city politics, an unwritten rule was adopted under which two of the Police Commissioners were to be Democrats and two Republicans. This was probably due to the fact that the Police Commissioners appoint the inspectors of election, who until recently were required by law to be equally divided between the two principal political parties. This law has now been changed, there being three inspectors instead of four, two from the faction of the Democratic party casting the largest number of votes (Tammany), and the third a Republican. The unwritten law as to the political complexion of the Police Commissioners is no longer obeyed. There are three Democratic Commissioners. Two (Sheehan and Martin) belong to Tammany Hall. Martin is supposed to be a rival of Croker, and to expect to succeed him as the leader of Tammany Hall. The third (MacLean) is an independent Democrat, from whom the good citizens of New York hope for much assistance in their effort to throw light into the black places of police management. McClave is the Republican Commissioner, and is completely subservient to Tammany Hall, generally voting with Sheehan and Martin. The system adopted for taking the police out of city politics was admirably calculated to place the force under the control of the worst rascals that New York politics could produce. No party was responsible for the corruption or inefficiency of the Commissioners. No party would make war upon it, for each was receiving a share of the spoils. The Mayor may be held to answer for a mistake in an appointment, but not for retaining a proved bribe-taker and thief, for he cannot remove without the co-operation of the Governor. The State has minimized responsibility by dividing it among political parties and individuals, until the existing condition of affairs is brought about, and the people of New York are asking themselves in alarm whether it is really true that they and their property are at the mercy of an armed military body commanded by men who are the bribed beneficiaries of crime, who are the associates and protectors of those who live by practising and pandering to the most degraded vices, who therefore are criminals themselves. Are all these horrible revelations true? Has the system of irresponsible government of the police at last borne its legitimate fruit? Has the bargain first made for the distribution of the "spoils" of the great city at last developed into a great combination and conspiracy between criminals and the police, in consequence of which the officers of the peace permit the enemies of society to ply their trade for the pecuniary advantage of both, so long as they confine their lawless efforts within such bounds that the righteous wrath of the indolent good will not be awakened? Is New York's police system a protective tariff for crime, Croker's political fund being kept full by contributions of the law-breaking beneficiaries, while the rest of the community pour out their tribute for the support of the force which is really in partnership with the criminals of whom they ought to rid the community?

The citizens of New York are at last awake to the truth about these "guardians of the peace." Thanks to the energetic and intelligent action of Dr. Parkhurst and his Society for the Prevention of Crime, evidence has been furnished that verifies suspicions that have existed for many years. When Dr. Parkhurst first invaded the moral slums of the city in order that he might see with his own eyes the outrages upon the law and upon decency that were perpetrated with the assent and connivance of the police, there was a strong disposition to doubt the propriety of his methods. Old-fashioned and easy-going New York knew that a vile and illegal business was carried on, and that it flourished

THE REV. CHARLES H. PARKHURST.
President of the Society for the Prevention of Crime.—From a Photograph by Sarony.

in the most respectable quarters of the city, contaminating youth by its openness and its propinquity. From time immemorial there had been whispers, heard by every one familiar with the common gossip of the city, that those who flaunted their vice in the public face were safe in doing so because they paid the police for protection. The men of the city who have lived here for any time knew that gambling-dens were maintained, and that some of them were almost as easy of access as the hotels. They knew that the excise law was constantly violated, and that the "side door" on a Sunday was as public an entrance to the bar within as was the front door on a week-day. They had heard, and all but the most credulous believed, that if frauds in the ballot-box were to be committed, the presence of policemen was not considered a hinderance to the purpose. Believing all these things of their police, many of the citizens of New York were yet shocked that a doctor of divinity should touch vice in his effort to secure evidence that the belief was true. It was the good fortune of the city that Dr. Parkhurst was not turned aside or deterred by unfriendly criticism. He has kept on, until now he and his society are in the possession of proof of the corruption of the system, and of the men who govern the police force of New York. One captain, Devery, has been indicted, and the evidence against others is said to be so strong that their escape was a surprise.

The war that is now beginning to be waged is not Dr. Parkhurst's war, nor is it primarily a war against the police force. It is a war of the citizens of New York against Richard Croker and his kind, against his hall, and against the wretched system of municipal government which has made blighting things like him and his possible. The police force is bad because it is controlled by Croker and Croker's kind. It is governed by men—a small army of worthless creatures who live by preying on the public—who use the force to gather contributions from the vicious and to collect tribute from others. In this war against Croker the police force happens to be the first of the departments of the municipal government with which outraged public sentiment has come in contact. Thanks to Dr. Parkhurst, it is the first department to be thoroughly found out. But it must be remembered by those who are engaged in what is really a struggle for the purification of the city government that the blows struck at the police force are really directed against Croker and Tammany, that we are at the beginning of a civic revolt against criminal municipal government, not merely of an effort to secure more virtuous police captains and inspectors.

Political control of the police force has resulted in grave accusations, of many of which Dr. Parkhurst and at least two daily newspapers believe they have proof strong enough to lead to the conviction of officials of the highest rank. The first accusation goes to the character of the Police Commissioners. It is that the majority of them are politicians of the lowest order, that they are men who believe that politics is a business out of which all who are in places of "honor and trust" should make as much profit as possible. This is their faith. It is asserted that their practices have been in accord.

It is charged that Police Commissioners may, and that some of them do, grow rich within a single term, and on a salary of $5000 a year. One newspaper has published a statement showing how Commissioner Martin moved from a cheap flat to a house in the most expensive neighborhood in the city within a few months of his appointment, and it declares that within less than fourteen months he purchased a house that is valued at $35,000. Another newspaper asserts, and prints documentary evidence in support of the assertion, that Commissioner Sheehan left the office of Comptroller of the city of Buffalo a defaulter to the amount of $5000. This accusation is supported by declarations of Sheehan's successor in the office of Comptroller. Sheehan opposes to this accusation his simple denial, and an explanation that involves an admission of what seems to be gross carelessness in the management of the public's business.

It has been charged by the *Wine and Spirit Reporter*, which is understood to be the organ of the Liquor-dealers' Association, that tribute to the amount of $500,000 a year was levied by the police on the liquor-dealers of the city, ostensibly for the benefit of Tammany Hall. It is said by the same authority that the association, or the dealers separately, protested against this heavy tax, and that a compromise was made under which the pecuniary contribution was changed to a political contribution. In other words, instead of $500,000 a year in money, the liquor-dealers pay with their own and their customers' votes for Tammany protection, and in order that the wrong-doers among them may keep open their "side doors" on Sunday and election days, and that the law-abiding among them may not be the victims of police tyranny, this great body of voters are the henchmen of the bandits whose quarry is the richest city of the country.

The charge is made that another method of raising money is by the sale of appointments and promotions. The power to appoint and promote is vested by law in the commissioners. It is said, and proof is offered, that men have bought these appointments at a cost of about $400 each. Two specific charges have been made of the purchase of police captaincies. The names of the captains are not given; but in one case it is said that $15,000 was paid, and in the other the sum was $14,000. The yearly salary of a police captain is $2750. As $8000 of the money paid in the first case was said to have been borrowed on eight notes, all due at the end of a year, and as the captain was without means having borrowed the other $7000 on a life-insurance policy, which he took out for the purpose, it is evident that he expected to "make" enough out of his position by disreputable methods to pay his debt. That he did not is due, so it is said, to the refusal of the Police Commissioners to give the captain a "profitable precinct."

The method of "working" a "profitable precinct" is illustrated by a number of charges that are made, and proof of which is offered not only by Dr. Parkhurst, but by one of the newspapers that have been actively engaged in unearthing the scandals. It must be borne in mind that the tribute levied does not all go to the enrichment of the captain of the precinct or the inspector of the district. That is not the accusation. The money is said to be shared between those who connive at its collection, including corrupt Police Commissioners, and to go to the sustenance of Tammany Hall. First in the list of these charges is that which has already been quoted from the organ of the Liquor-dealers' Association. The tribute of the saloon is paid for permission to violate the excise law. All that the administrators of the law exact is that the liquor shop shall be entered through the side door on Sundays and election days, and whenever the law requires the saloon to be closed. The amount of this tax has been already stated, on the authority of the *Wine and Spirit Reporter*, at $500,000. This is a verification of the estimate published in HARPER'S WEEKLY some time ago, which placed the annual income of Tammany Hall at somewhere near $1,000,000.

Besides the liquor-dealers, it is charged that there are two sources of revenue—one from the vicious, who buy protection as the liquor-dealers do; and the other from respectable people, tradesmen generally, who buy the friendship of the politicians through the police. This tax is perhaps the most exasperating outrage that is committed upon the free people of this community, for it is not only robbery, but its victims must yield or go out of business. In some quarters of the city, where every one is supposed to be free to pursue any legal occupation unmolested, shop-keepers are forced to buy a license of Tammany, the tax being collected through the police, who are forced to levy it whether they like to or not.

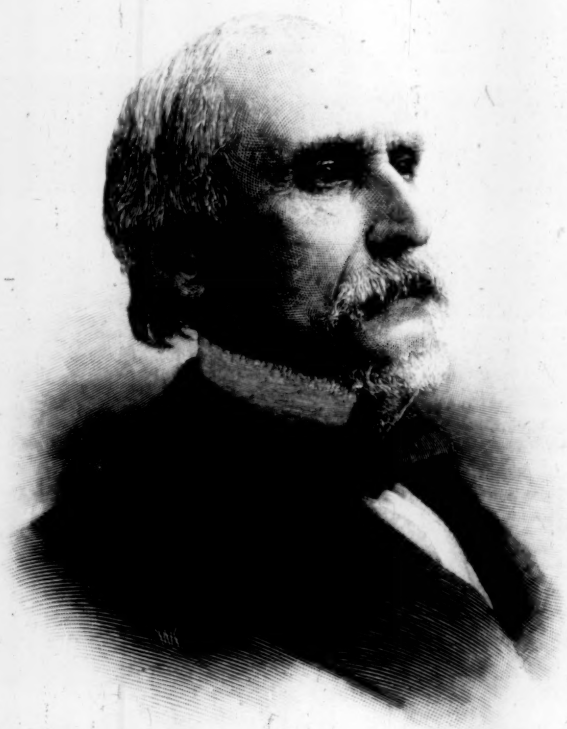
The persons who pay tribute for the protection of vice are keepers of dives and other disorderly houses; gamblers of all kinds, from the saloon frequented by the rich and powerful to the humblest pool-room; receivers of stolen property, and other criminals, who are so completely under the control of the police that the latter can often secure the return of stolen property when they cannot, or will not, arrest or find the thief.

The police have extensive powers over some kinds of business. The law makes it their duty to supervise licensed venders, pawn-brokers, hawkers of all sorts, and the proprietors of places which are limited and circumscribed by statute. They are also clothed with administrative powers in sanitary matters, and are aids to the Board of Health. They may also arrest without warrant in many cases, and the power to arrest for "disorderly conduct" is very wide. Only recently a prominent lawyer of this city was arrested by a park policeman on this general charge, apparently for purposes of blackmail. When his case came up for hearing, it was discovered that the policeman who arrested him had not a particle of evidence. The opportunities for blackmail under the law are numerous enough to satisfy the greediest. The police also enforce the city ordinances, such as the ordinance relating to the obstruction of sidewalks. If an honest merchant does not pay tribute, either directly or by joining one or more of the numerous political clubs that exist in every Assembly district, he is liable to constant annoyance, and occasionally he is haled before a police court and fined, while his more pliant neighbor is permitted to violate the ordinance with impunity. Under the sanitary law the police may at any time invade a building. A prominent man who is the proprietor of a large hotel, and who has refused to make his peace with the Croker leader of his Assembly district, is subject to constant police irritation, and has been forced to expend hundreds of dollars in replacing ventilators and in making other costly changes in his hotel. An east-side tradesman has said that he could not remain in business unless he paid tribute to the political clubs of his neighborhood—clubs in whose principles and purposes not only has he no interest, but to which he is utterly opposed.

The charge is made that the high officials of the police force, including some of the Police Commissioners, know of the existence of disreputable places which are not broken up by the police; that lists have been furnished them, and that complaints made at headquarters against those who violate the law, and the police inspectors and captains who neglect their duty, are pigeon-holed and absolutely ignored. Indeed, it is charged that the citizen who would make a complaint against one who had purchased protection is fortunate if he escapes persecution. It is further charged that the District Attorney's office and the police justices are part of the great conspiracy for the protection of vice and crime and against the decent elements of the community, and that it has been heretofore impossible to secure an enforcement of the laws against those who are in authority over us.

Not only is the police force used by Tammany to levy funds for the purposes of that organization, and for the enrichment of its leaders, but it is an active aid in politics. The immediate control of the force, it is alleged, is turned over to the Tammany Assembly district captain. He sees that his contributors are protected and that his friends are assisted. He selects the policemen for the polling-places, and if he has corrupt work in hand he sees to it that the men whom good citizens pay for the enforcement of the law are not over-scrupulous. If necessary, he sends policemen through the districts before election to intimidate opposition candidates and their friends. If a policeman will not lend himself to his corruption, he complains of him either to a subservient captain or inspector, or, in case that fails, he goes to a Police Commissioner, and the unruly patrolman or sergeant is transferred to another precinct where his scruples will not cause trouble. It is also charged that policemen are used as agents to collect money from tradesmen and others for the support of the political and personal clubs of which the Tammany politicians are so fond, and the funds for the summer excursions, by means of which the neighborhood bosses retain their hold on the affections of their constituents.

It is said, and Dr. Parkhurst believes, that a majority of the rank and file of the force are weary of the degrading services that are exacted from them by the politicians who rule them. If half is true that is believed, the end of this system and of Tammany Hall is near; for all that is needed to convince the doubting is the tale of evil that can be told by the men and sergeants of the force. But in the mean time the force itself is being debauched, and unless reform comes very soon, the city will see a very saturnalia of crime and vice, in which the police themselves will be prominent actors. Already we see the signs of what is possible under the existing rule of Croker's hall. Almost every citizen is familiar with the various ways in which patrolmen violate the law, and, following the example of their superiors in office, levy petty tribute. Thousands of citizens have seen policemen drinking at the side door, or sending in the boot-black whose stand is outside the saloon, and who is usually a "runner" for the establishment, to collect the patrolman's tax in whiskey. On some beats the copartnership between the saloon-keeper, the bootblack, and the policeman is very close. The character of the men who are finding places on the force by reason of the criminal rule established under Croker's autocracy received an illustration the other day. A bully nearly killed a prostrate man by kicking him in the head. Then going home, he beat his wife until she fled from the house. And even while he was perpetrating these outrages this cowardly brute boasted that he was about to be appointed a policeman. He may not have told the truth, but so powerful was his "pull" known to be that the by-standers and the reporters of the daily press were not surprised by his assertion. The incident certainly indicates the complexion to which the rule of Tammany is bringing the police force of New York city.



JUDGE JOSEPH F. BARNARD.
Retired December 30, 1893, after Thirty Years' Service on the Bench.—[See Page 34.]

THE MIDWINTER FAIR AT SAN FRANCISCO.—Drawn by Victor Perard after Photographs.

1. Administration Building. 2. Fine Arts Building (this will be the permanent building). 3. Manufactures and Liberal Arts Building. 4. Horticultural and Agricultural Building. 5. Santa Barbara County's Exhibit of Sea-Lions.

THE REFORM OF HIGH-SCHOOL EDUCATION.

BY NICHOLAS MURRAY BUTLER.

VIEWING the American system of education as a whole, the secondary schools are seen to occupy a position of crucial importance. Their peculiar function is to broaden the intellectual horizon of their pupils by introducing them to one or more foreign languages, to the study of quantity by algebraic methods, and to the general history of the race. The added power that follows upon studies of this kind, and the new insights that they give, make the secondary schools the training-ground for the directive intelligences of the country. Only a small proportion of secondary-school students go forward to a collegiate education. Most of them complete their systematic education at this point, and turn aside, at the age of fifteen, sixteen, or seventeen, to take up the active pursuits of life, and to endeavor to earn their own living. That the time spent in the secondary school should be well spent, and used to the greatest possible advantage, is therefore of importance to the whole country. European nations have recognized this fact, and the Lycée in France, the Gymnasium and Realschule in Germany, and the Liceo-Ginnasio in Italy—the typical secondary schools of those countries—are the object of careful solicitude.

There is another reason for laying stress upon the efficiency of secondary education, particularly in the United States. The history of education teaches nothing more certainly than that all lasting educational reform must begin at the top and exert its influence downward. This means that the elementary schools, the only place where the great mass of the population receive any systematic instruction, must be improved and uplifted, if at all, by forces emanating from the secondary school. In this fact, and not in the sentimental reasons so often advanced, lies the real ground for the support of public high-schools by the State. By the last published statistics there were enrolled in the elementary schools of the United States 12,697,196 pupils, of whom an average of 8,144,938 attended every day throughout the school year. The American people spent for the elementary education of their children $140,277,484 in the year 1889–90. These figures mean that the total enrolment in the elementary schools in 1889–90 equalled the total population of New York, Pennsylvania, and Virginia at that time; and that a number of children equal to the sum of the populations of New York and Massachusetts were to be found in the schools every day that they were open. Anything that can be done to raise the standard, improve the efficiency, and broaden the opportunities of the secondary schools reacts favorably upon this immense school population underneath them.

In 1889–90, again, there were no fewer than 2526 public high-schools in the United States, having 202,963 pupils, of whom 29,289 were looking forward to a college education. At the same time the private institutions for secondary instruction numbered 1632, with 94,931 pupils, of whom 26,298 were being prepared to enter college. How were these students, nearly 300,000 in number, spending their time? As has been shown time and time again in the educational discussions of the past five years, they were usually receiving short courses of instruction on a large variety of subjects, and gaining power and substantial, thorough knowledge from none of them. They were often denied any opportunity of studying certain classes of subjects, such as history, physical geography, the natural sciences, French, and German; or, when a meagre opportunity was offered, the methods of instruction used were sterile. With a few noteworthy exceptions the American secondary schools were far inferior to similar institutions in France and Germany. It was the conviction that American secondary education was defective in itself, and that it was operating to injure the progress of the elementary schools, that led the National Educational Association to undertake, in July, 1892, an investigation of this whole question through a committee, of which President Eliot of Harvard University was chairman. This committee has become celebrated as the Committee of Ten "appointed to make an investigation of the present courses of study in the high-schools, academies, and other secondary educational institutions throughout the country, and to report on the most feasible method of improving and unifying the various courses." The composition of this committee, their general method of procedure, and the inquiries they submitted to the conferences of experts called by them to deal with each of the principal secondary-school subjects, have already been referred to in HARPER'S WEEKLY (No. 1926, November 18, 1893). The report of the committee has just been issued as a public document by the Bureau of Education at Washington, and constitutes, with its appendices, the most important and systematic single document dealing with education that has yet appeared in this country. It will mark an epoch in our educational development, and in time will be as celebrated in Europe as it is certain to be useful and stimulating in America.

The report itself, as is well known, is largely the work of President Eliot, whose great powers are seen to the best advantage in its structure and detailed discussions. The chairman had, of course, the benefit of the assistance and searching criticism of his colleagues, who represented, it will be remembered, every type of college and secondary school, North, East, South, and West. The appendices, which contain the reports of the nine special conferences addressed to the Committee of Ten, are a storehouse of learning, teaching experience, and suggestions on educational topics of every kind. Among the signatures to these reports are to be found the names of some of the leading scholars of the country, and their unanimity on a large number of matters of the first importance for any lasting reform is as impressive as it is encouraging.

What, then, is the result of these months of patient study and consideration? What are the secondary schools asked to do in order that their condition may be improved?

They are asked, first of all, to cease the practice of teaching a subject—Latin or algebra, for instance—differently for pupils who are going to college, for those who are going to a scientific school, and for those who presumably are going to neither. On this point all nine conferences and the committee themselves are unanimous. They agree that every subject which is taught in a secondary school should be taught in the same way and to the same extent to every pupil so long as he pursues it, no matter what the probable destination of the pupil may be, or at what point his education is to cease. The simplification and saving of time that will result from following this recommendation are very great, and will hardly be appreciated by those who have not studied the existing school programmes.

Next, the secondary schools are asked not to introduce two foreign languages in the same year if it can possibly be avoided. In other words, let Latin be begun at least a year before French or German, or *vice versa*. In studying a foreign language, ancient or modern, emphasis should be laid on reading it aloud, on the use of good idiomatic English in translating from it, on practice in translating the foreign language at sight, and on writing it. Parents as well as teachers know how the neglect of the first injunction renders the child unable to understand a spoken sentence of Latin or French that he could read in a minute if it were written. Neglect of the second makes translation an injury rather than a benefit, while neglect of the third and fourth makes most language study mere memory-training. How many boys who can read the first six books of the Æneid fluently can translate five lines of the seventh book at sight?

Similarly, in the study of science, the secondary schools are told that the laboratory or experimental method must largely displace the study of text-books if the real value of the study of natural phenomena is to be had. Things must be studied by direct contact in order to be understood. In studying science the logical order would be to begin with physics, but the special conference on the subject suggest that for practical reasons—chiefly because an intelligent study of physics presupposes an adequate knowledge of mathematics—chemistry be introduced into the curriculum before physics. The keeping of laboratory note-books by pupils is also strongly urged, and it is pointed out that an inspection of these note-books affords a surer test of the pupil's proficiency than many an old-fashioned examination would do. The study of geography, drawing as it does something from geometry, physics, botany, and zoology, is most fully treated. The memorizing of the boundaries of states and their capitals gives way to a comprehensive study of the physical environment of man and its influence upon him. Geography, from this point of view, becomes a genuine science, and not a mere unorganized collection of more or less interesting facts, which it too often is at present.

Mathematics, long considered the impregnable fortress of the schoolmaster, who believed in what he called "mental discipline" at all hazards, is also successfully stormed. The specialists who considered this subject voted without a dissenting voice that "a radical change in the teaching of arithmetic is necessary." They ask that the present course of instruction in arithmetic be both abridged and enriched. The abridgment is to come by curtailing or omitting entirely those subjects which perplex and exhaust the pupil without affording any really valuable mental discipline. Among those would be compound proportion, cube root, abstract mensuration, obsolete denominate quantities, and the greater part of commercial arithmetic. The desired enriching of the course is to be secured by a greater number of exercises in simple calculation and in the solution of concrete problems. More attention is to be paid to facility and correctness in calculation, and less to the logical puzzles that the text-book-maker prides himself upon. The elementary school is asked to begin the study of concrete geometry in connection with drawing very early. Systematic algebra should be begun not later than fourteen years of age, and demonstrative geometry at the end of the first year's study of algebra.

The conference on English leave the reader in no doubt as to their views. The main direct objects of teaching English in schools are said to be, (1) to enable the pupil to understand the expressed thoughts of others and to give expression to thoughts of his own, and (2) to cultivate a taste for reading, to give the pupil some acquaintance with good literature, and to furnish him with the means of extending that acquaintance. No subsidiary end should be allowed to encroach upon these principal ends. From the very first, it is pointed out, the pupil must be kept away so far as possible from the influence of bad models and put under the influence of good models, and every thought which he expresses, whether orally or on paper, should be regarded as a proper subject for criticism as to language. In this way history, botany, mathematics, or, indeed, any study, can be made to support the direct instruction in English rather than, as is too often the case, allowed to conflict with it. Not later than the beginning of the third school year children should be led to compose in writing, and this exercise in writing should thereafter never be interrupted. Formal grammar is relegated to a very subordinate place. It is recommended that it be not taken up earlier than the thirteenth year of the pupil's age, and pursued only so long as is necessary to familiarize the pupil with its main principles. The pupil's reading should be of a genuine literary character, and not made up of scraps of natural history or physical science. This is to be the foundation. Then in the high-school the conference recommend that the study of English should be pursued for five hours a week during the entire course of four years. "The study of literature and training in the expression of thought," says the conference report, "taken together, are the fundamental elements in any proper high-school course in English, and demand not merely the largest share of time and attention, but continuous and concurrent treatment throughout the four years." It need hardly be said that compliance with this suggestion will effect an educational revolution; it will put the mother-tongue where it ought to be, in the chief place in the curriculum, and displace mathematics and Latin, which, under existing arrangements, usually divide it between them.

It is also very interesting to find the conference declaring that the best results in the teaching of English in high-schools cannot be secured without the aid given by the study of some other language, and that Latin and German, by reason of their fuller inflectional system, are especially suited to this end.

First Year.		Second Year.	
Latin	5 p.	Latin	5 p.
English Literature, 3 p. " Composition, 2 p.	5 p.	Greek	5 p.
German or French	4 p.	English Literature, 3 p. " Composition, 2 p.	5 p.
Algebra	5 p.	German	4 p.
History	3 p.	French	4 p.
	22 p.	Algebra, 2½ p. Geometry, 2½ p.	5 p.
		Astronomy (twelve weeks)	5 p.
		Botany or Zoology	5 p.
		History	3 p.
			37½ p.
Third Year.		**Fourth Year.**	
Latin	5 p.	Latin	5 p.
Greek	4 p.	Greek	4 p.
English Literature, 3 p. " Composition, 1 p.	5 p.	English Literature, 3 p. " Composition, 1 p. " Grammar, 1 p.	5 p.
Rhetoric, 1 p.		German	4 p.
German	4 p.	French	4 p.
French	4 p.	Trigonometry (half-year). Higher Algebra (half-year).	2 p.
Algebra, 2½ p. Geometry, 2½ p.	5 p.	Physics	5 p.
Chemistry	5 p.	Anatomy, Physiology, and Hygiene (half-year).	5 p.
History	3 p.	History	3 p.
	35 p.	Geology or Physiography (half-year). Meteorology (half-year).	3 p.
			37½ p.

The foregoing table shows better than any verbal description could just what the several conferences recommended. It also shows that they were very moderate in their demands on behalf of their several subjects. If all the recommenda-

THE COMMITTEE'S FOUR SAMPLE PROGRAMMES.

I.—CLASSICAL.

THREE FOREIGN LANGUAGES (ONE MODERN).

First Year.		Second Year.	
Latin	5 p.	Latin	5 p.
English	4 p.	English	2 p.
Algebra	4 p.	German* (or French) begun	4 p.
History	4 p.	Geometry	3 p.
Physical Geography	3 p.	Physics	3 p.
	20 p.	History	3 p.
			20 p.
Third Year.		**Fourth Year.**	
Latin	4 p.	Latin	4 p.
Greek*	5 p.	Greek	5 p.
English	3 p.	English	2 p.
German (or French)	4 p.	German (or French)	3 p.
Algebra, 2 p. Geometry, 2 p.	4 p.	Chemistry	3 p.
		Trigonometry and Higher Algebra, or History.	3 p.
	20 p.		20 p.

II.—LATIN-SCIENTIFIC.

TWO FOREIGN LANGUAGES (ONE MODERN).

First Year.		Second Year.	
Latin	5 p.	Latin	5 p.
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tions of the nine conferences were carried out, the resulting secondary-school programme for a four years' course would be as there given, estimated in weekly periods.

It is at once apparent that such a programme as this is far more extensive than any one pupil can follow, but it is also apparent that it makes no demand that a large, well-equipped school cannot meet. It provides the material from which a hundred programmes can be constructed; and if the standard number of weekly periods be changed from 5 to 4 (as is done by the Committee of Ten in another table), it would not be easy to make a bad programme out of it. For the individual pupil a selection must be made, and it should, of course, be made according to some fixed principles. These principles, which apply to all programme-making for schools, the Committee of Ten summarize in this way: Each subject should, so far as possible, be treated in the same way for all pupils. Time enough must be given to each subject to win from it the kind of mental training it is fitted to supply. The different principal subjects should be put on an approximate equality so far as time allotment is concerned. All short information-courses should be omitted; and the instruction in each of the four main lines—namely, language, science, history, mathematics—should be made continuous. These admirable principles speak for themselves; they are sound both in theory and in practice. Yet some or all of them are constantly violated in the courses of study in vogue in public and private schools.

The Committee of Ten next attempt to apply these principles or to illustrate their application, in four programmes of their own, which are submitted not as finalities, but as samples of good school-programmes. In these the committee limit the pupil to twenty weekly periods of forty-five minutes each—a very moderate allowance—and expressly say that ample time remains in which to give instruction in drawing, singing, elocution, and gymnastics, if such be desired, without overworking the pupils. They also recommend that a portion of Saturday morning be regularly used for laboratory-work in the scientific subjects, and that one afternoon each week, in favorable weather, be given to out-of-door instruction in geography, botany, zoology, and geology. The committee's four sample programmes, which will be eagerly studied by high-school teachers all over the country, are given on the preceding page. Their chief differences will be found, as the headings given to them imply, in the relative amounts of time given in each to foreign languages.

It cannot be claimed that these four programmes are beyond criticism, or even that they adhere fully to the principles laid down by the committee. Indeed, to adhere to these principles in a four years' programme is by no means easy. Were the schedule extended to cover six years there would be little or no difficulty. Yet these programmes may well serve as samples or patterns in many respects, and any one of them would give a substantial and liberal secondary education. As given by the committee, they represent an ideal, but under existing conditions in the United States as to the training of teachers and the provision of the necessary means of instruction, the two programmes called respectively Modern Languages and English will in practice be distinctly inferior to the Classical and the Latin-Scientific.

The committee look forward to the time when the secondary schools will have so improved their instruction that the colleges will be able to accept for admission any successful graduate of a good secondary school. When this time comes, the barrier between the schools and the colleges will be broken down, their mutual distrust will cease, and the necessity of "cramming" students to pass college admission examinations will no longer interfere to prevent the best possible training in the schools.

Only the most salient points of this striking report have been touched upon in this paper. It will amply repay the study that every teacher and every intelligent parent ought to give to it.

WILL THE HORSE BE ELIMINATED?

THE greatest difficulty in the way of keeping the streets of populous cities in a tidy and wholesome condition is the necessary presence therein of a multitude of horses. Other animals, except the pets of mankind and womankind, have been pretty thoroughly eliminated. An ox team in New York is a curiosity, and cattle are rarely seen in the streets unless on the way to slaughter. Swine and poultry appear only in a dressed or undressed condition in the markets, testifying to the omnivorous appetite of man.

But the "four-footed friend" is still indispensable, and in times past his usefulness has increased with the population. Improved methods of locomotion promise to take away one of his uses. Omnibuses and stages are dwindling out of sight, and the cable and electricity are displacing horse-power from the street cars. This change bids fair to do away with the use of thousands of horses, and relieve the community of the huge stables in which they were housed.

In the yet untested possibilities of the application of electricity as a motive power, is it not possible that it may be used for the propulsion of trucks and drags and other vehicles employed in the traffic of the streets? The development of the storage battery gives ground for the belief that this may come in time. If a modification of pavements should be found necessary to the success of this means of transportation, this will be made. Its application along water fronts and between docks and terminal stations would be a first step of vast utility.

It is not inconceivable that in time the electric motor may displace the horse in all that is called "teaming" in the city streets. Pleasure-driving can never be displaced by any sort of mechanical contrivance. For that the living animal, spirited or gentle, is necessary. The motor can no more drive out the carriage-horse than the bicycle can exterminate the saddle-horse. But pleasure driving and riding may be confined to certain parts of the city, and to thoroughfares in or out of public parks specially adapted to the purpose.

If from the crowded streets of traffic, travel, and residence the horse shall in time be eliminated, the gain to cleanliness, comfort, and health will be greater than we can now conceive, so powerful are custom and habit in making tolerable that which would seem intolerable if we were not used to it. Should that happy time come, those who enjoy its privilege and immunities will regard with wonder the era of filthy streets, when horses were allowed everywhere, and stables crowded close to mansions in the most attractive quarters.

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THE AMERICAN POOR.

DURING the present distress in New York and other large cities of the country we are little inclined to think of the American poor and the privations they undergo. Indeed, they scarcely occur to us as liable to pinching poverty at any time, from the fact, no doubt, that they always hide it so zealously. We associate it here with tatters, dirt, and mendicancy; in other words, with a foreign element. The thousands of unemployed in town belong exclusively, as we imagine, to the tenement-house districts, where the natives do not live. The foreigners are in evidence. They are not ashamed generally to make their circumstances known or to accept assistance. Wonted to poverty—it is their sole inheritance—they shrink not from disclosing it when they are out of work, regarding the simple fact as their complete justification.

How different are Americans! Not Americans by accident, as may be said, but Americans of true breed, Americans for several generations. Not by any means noted for thrift, they are, in the main, sufficiently intelligent, practical, and industrious to provide for themselves and those dependent on them. Exceptionally enterprising and hopeful also, they do not neglect palpable opportunities for profit. They often make money, though they fail to keep it, from constitutional extravagance and financial carelessness. If they do not get on, in the approved sense, they seldom fall behind, and they never anticipate dependence. They are, therefore, totally unprepared for a period like this, when the entire community, from millionaires to stevedores, have borne losses. Hundreds and hundreds of Americans have, on account of necessary retrenchment, been thrown out of situations, and hundreds and hundreds of others, such as artists, literary men, brokers, journalists, teachers, tradesfolk, have been deprived almost wholly of income, limited at best, and will be so deprived till business revives.

These, who are not counted among the poverty-stricken, who make neither appeal nor complaint, are the greatest sufferers of all, mentally not less than physically. As a class, without savings worth mention, they are suddenly stripped of the means of living, and plunged into despondency. But they hold their peace, preserve a brave exterior, and set their will to abide whatever may happen. All they endure and will endure they alone can know. Most of them have friends of whom they might borrow; but they refuse to declare their needs; they are more likely to decline than ask for aid.

They might beg, as the Europeans do, in the open streets, of any or every passer-by. But, unless they have become drunkards, they do not and will not beg. Begging is not indigenous to their character. New-Yorkers may think that their city was made an island to discourage the practice. But there are guarantees against it everywhere in the national temperament.

In a great capital persons who refrain from declaring their wants are supposed not to have them. Hardly an American here is thought to be in distress, albeit scores of families must be without the common necessities, and some are, or have been, on the brink of starvation. Our own people, those of Anglo-Saxon stock, rather than borrow or beg, carry what is available to the pawn shop.

The pawn-brokers, pitiless traders in misfortune, are among the few whose business at present thrives. It is said that several establishments in the Bowery have gained during the last six months an entirely new set of "customers"—many of them natives, inferentially—and that these are tending more and more to those haggard markets of misery and ruin. Where pawn-brokers prosper, hope surrenders and humanity decays.

It is difficult for most Americans to believe that genuine Americans can fall into the depths of poverty, because they are so seldom seen there. They can, however, and often do. Many of them, there is reason to think, are now in such depths, and the sorrowful company is steadily increasing, alas! How can it be otherwise, when we remember what a host of native clerks, salesmen, accountants, agents, managers, have been dispensed with since last spring, and how every branch of industry, every department of trade, has declined? Manufactories are still closed; great railways barely earning their current expenses; numberless corporations doing next to nothing. The bottom is supposed to have been reached some time ago. Things are slowly mending, it is said. But it may be months before the dulness passes.

Meanwhile mouths must eat, backs be clad, and shelter furnished for a great many Americans, along with thousands of foreigners seeking work in vain. Those are not so destitute or desperate as these, for they are educated, disciplined, and not utterly penniless. And yet their condition is the worse of the two, and more deplorable. The foreigners, hard as is their lot, and deserving though they be, are easily found, and ready to receive whatever may be offered. The Americans can scarcely be discovered, and, if discovered, will not confess their poverty, painfully apparent as it may be.

They are the most perplexing of creatures to do anything for. They are apt to resent any and every attempt to help them, even in the most guarded way, as if it were an insult. The consciousness that they are extremely poor, that their income is completely cut off, impels them to act as they would not if they were in possession of a handsome independence. Their pride being sensitive to morbidness during their penury, all sorts of shifts are required not to wound it. Repeated endeavors to alleviate their indigence have miscarried, even when made with great tact, discernment, and delicacy.

There is no such general devotion to charity, it is superfluous to say, as will induce the adoption of various expedients that needy though stubborn people may be prevailed on to take it. Hence the difficulty of helping Americans. Many generous persons who try to assist them meet with such rebuffs, or with so emphatic a denial of their needs, that they release their intentions. Others get angry, and frankly assert that persons who decline aid freely tendered forfeit all right to it. Doubtless the unemployed Americans here are hard to manage, and frequently very provoking. But he who understands their cruel circumstances, and sympathizes with sensibility, will respect and honor them for their inconsistent behavior. Contumacious pride may often be a high virtue.

A large proportion of the dismissed and idle natives are women, many of them young, cultured, interesting, who usually not only support themselves, but invalid parents, younger brothers or sisters, or kindred more remote. They are, or have been, amanuenses, copyists, type-writers, care-takers, telegraph-operators, saleswomen, bookkeepers, cashiers, artists, book-agents, milliners, dressmakers. The commercial stagnation has deprived them of their places, their commissions, or their orders. Theirs is a pitiable plight; they have almost nothing to fall back upon, and others to provide for.

It is estimated that not less than 80,000 to 90,000 women earn their own livelihood in this city; probably one-quarter of the number are Americans. How many are now without occupation or income cannot be determined; but whatever the number, they cannot but be objects of special solicitude and compassion. Their youth, their frequent good looks, their agreeableness, render their position perilous not less than painful. They are debarred by their sex, by fear of exciting suspicion, from accepting assistance under ordinary circumstances.

It is very hard to tell how these or the American men can be approached; how their secret can be wrung from them; how they can be brought to admit their distress. But their own kind, their acquaintances, their friends, should charge themselves with this duty. Where these know that they have lost situations, been divested of income or earnings by the great commercial upheaval, they will have their cue to act, and sympathy will direct them.

Recently I heard of a case in point. A young married couple, with two small children—they were New-Yorkers—removed in July from a small apartment to an inferior one in a mean quarter. The man had been in receipt of a small salary as bookkeeper, and was permitted to resign to reduce expenses. An old acquaintance learned the fact last month, visited them, and discovered their sadly altered state. He offered them money. They said they did not want it. He insisted and questioned until the poor bookkeeper was so wrought upon that he broke down completely, bursting into a flood of tears. When an American man weeps, it is of deep significance.

The sequel proved that he had sought for another situation daily to no purpose, that he had parted in silence with nearly everything pawnable, and been driven to buy. He had been sought out and relieved on the eve of madness or suicide.

This instance must be one of many.

JUNIUS HENRI BROWNE.

TO A WITHERED ROSE.

THY span of life was all too short—
A week or two at best—
From budding-time, through blossoming,
To withering and rest.

Yet compensation hast thou—aye!—
For all thy little woes;
For was it not thy happy lot
To live and die a rose?

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

THE PARKS AND THE PUBLIC.

A PARTIAL, tardy, and grudging concession to enlightened public sentiment was recently made at a meeting of the Board of Park Commissioners. At this meeting an additional protest was received against the proposition to construct a new park in violation of "the habitual policy of dealing artistically with our park territory." This protest was made on behalf of the National Academy of Design, the Society of American Artists, the American Fine Art Society, the American Institute of Architects, the Architectural League, the Art Students' League, the New York Water-color Society, the Sculpture Society, and the Municipal Art Society. The writers embody all that there is of organized æsthetic culture in New York, and it seems that it was impossible for the commissioners to withstand such an expression. But what shall be said of a board that is in a peculiar sense the guardian of the æsthetic interests of the city, the conduct of which made such a protest necessary?

The concession was not that access to the river along the proposed driveway should be reserved to the public, nor even that the landscape architect of the parks should be consulted in respect to the laying out of the driveway. It went no further than the adoption of a resolution calling upon the engineer and the landscape architect to unite in a report what work could be done on the second section of the speedway only, the first being still excepted from the investigation of the landscape architect. This by no means fills the measure of the public demand, but it is, perhaps, as near to a recantation as could be expected of the commissioners. The commissioners have, in fact, acted in this matter very much as they acted with reference to the proposition to build a speedway in Central Park. They have shown, that is to say, that when there is a question between the public interest and a small class of citizens with a special interest, they are not to be trusted as custodians of the public interest. If the public indignation is not so general upon this question as it was upon the other, it is because all the people knew and appreciated Central Park better than its official custodians, while all the people cannot be expected to understand the difference between the right and the wrong way of executing a public improvement which is not yet in being.

The issue is twofold. One is the public right of access through public property to the river-shore along a stretch that is particularly eligible and attractive as a promenade. This right the commissioners proposed to take away, even where, as at High Bridge Park and Washington Bridge Park, it has already been vested in the public. The legality of this prohibition seems extremely doubtful. The impropriety of it is not doubtful at all. The other question is the policy of projecting an important public work, in the nature of a new park, not only without taking counsel of the landscape architect of the parks, whose special function is thus usurped, but in disregard of a plan prepared by him, which treats the new drive as a parkway, and recognizes the rights and the interests of the public in its execution, while providing for every requirement of the men to whom it is merely a place to speed horses.

The position in which the majority of the Park Commissioners, the official custodians of exactly the public interests they propose to surrender, had put themselves by their action in this matter was not enviable. But the credit of the city government and of the city itself was also involved. The late Comptroller very properly blocked the project by refusing his authorization to spend the money needed to carry it out. His successor, it is to be hoped, will emulate his firmness and his regard for the interest of the city by refusing to honor the drafts of the commission, except in so far as they recognize the rights and interests of the public. It has already been made clear that the commissioners would have gone as far as they could towards spoiling what ought to be, and might be, a most valuable addition to the park system, unless they had been coerced by public indignation, as they and their predecessors were coerced in the matter of the speedway in the park, into receding from an untenable and unworthy position.

THE RAILWAY SITUATION.

THESE are times of anxiety for the holders of railway stocks and bonds. While the bonds of these companies—with the exception of the relatively small number considered beyond doubt—have shown a heavy fall in market quotations, the shares have declined in even a more marked degree, many now possessing but a nominal value. The present situation as to railway securities has been brought about by several causes, among which two or three are prominent.

There has been for years a gradual decline in the net receipts in proportion to the volume of traffic and gross earnings. The railroad managers mean the same thing when they state that the percentage of operating expenses to earnings is gradually rising. These gentlemen explain the diminishing profits in part by the assertion that their employés are more liberally paid than heretofore. While the scale of wages is undoubtedly higher now than in former years, and is better maintained owing to the strength of the trade-unions, it is yet true that diminishing profits are due in greater part to the fall in the average rates received for transportation.

It is an economic law that profits in any line of business tend to correspond to the general average of profitableness in the community. Even under the old pools the railways found themselves unable to prevent a gradual decline in their tariffs, though that decline followed the course of trade in the sections served. Since the passage of the Act to Regulate Commerce, in 1887, prices and profits have been still lower, with exceptions, of course, such as the good fortune of farmers in 1891, consequent upon the unusual conjunction of large crops and good prices. Yet there is no reasonable doubt that railways, because of that act, have been unable to prevent a falling off in their receipts not warranted by the commercial conditions. The clause of the inter-State commerce law prohibiting a greater charge for a shorter haul under all circumstances (except by consent of the commissioners) compelled such a readjustment of tariffs that a "cut" in rates at one point meant a loss of revenue at other places not directly concerned—as if a grocer who should sell sugar at cost should be obliged also to reduce his profit on tea. By this means the railways suffered a general loss of earnings, which was in great part unnecessary and unjust, if we assume that transportation companies are entitled to a profit as commercial enterprises.

The prohibition of pooling made matters worse. Pooling was a plan for maintaining agreed rates by a division of tonnage or earnings on some acknowledged percentage. Such an agreement was non-enforceable in the courts; and though the pools in a few instances were strong enough to hold up tariffs when business profits were falling (and thus to commit a commercial injustice), yet in general their legal weakness prevented extortion.

When Congress forbade pooling, the railways were left in a measure defenceless against each other. The charges for transportation were thus often cut down to rates which were commercially indefensible. Both before and after the passage of the inter-State commerce law the State Legislatures whittled away the earnings of the railways by enforced reductions on the passenger and freight traffic within the State boundaries. In that prolonged contest there were wrongs on both sides; but the result was a loss of profits on local business, which was added to the other troubles of the companies and of the owners of their bonds and shares.

At the present moment the average charges of the railways are far too low to afford an adequate return on the capitalization. Meanwhile competition and the public demand for fast trains and luxurious cars and stations have compelled large expenditures for costly equipment, safety appliances, and the like. A Pullman coach costs as much as a mile of new railway.

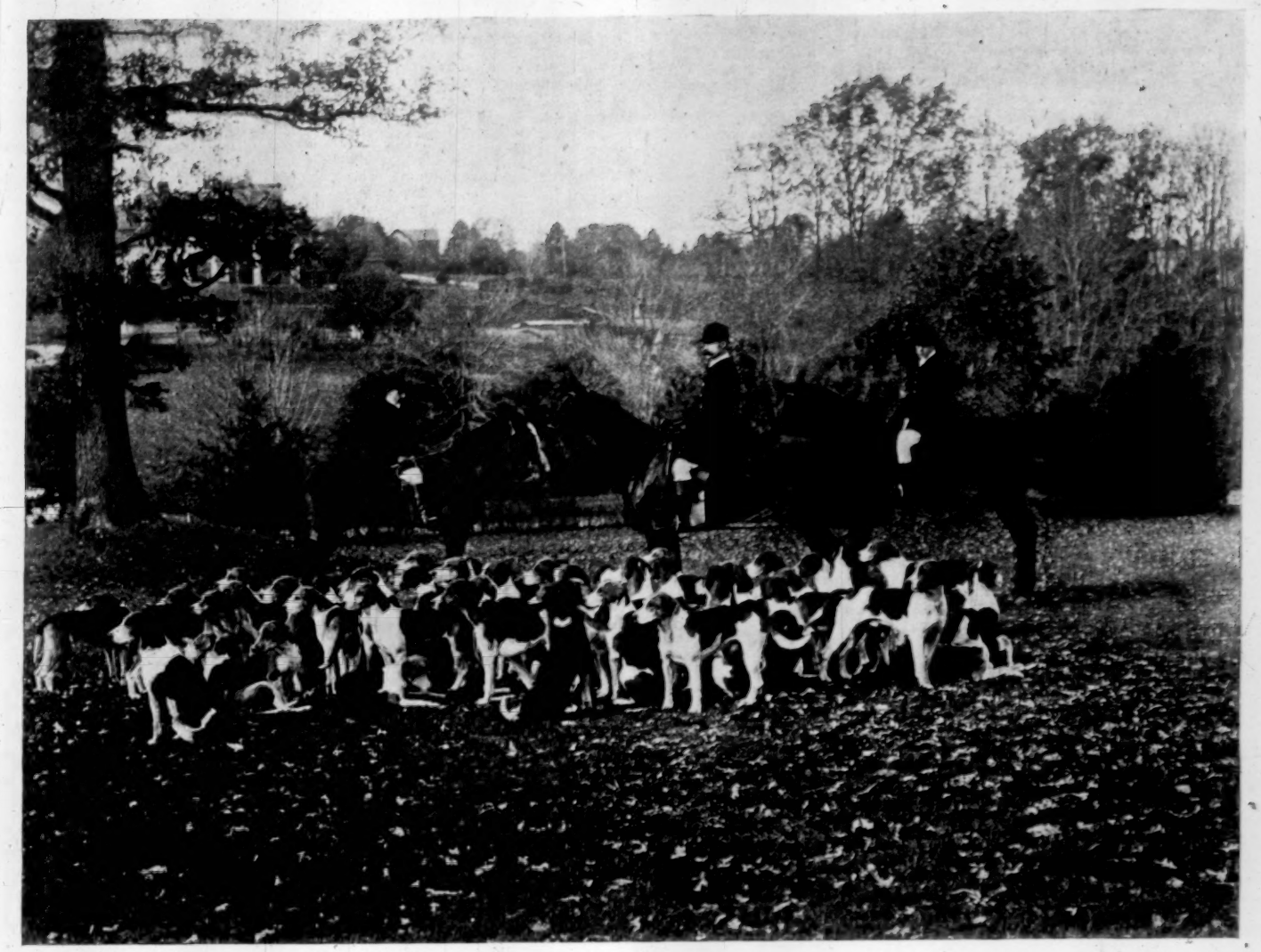
While earnings have thus been declining, bonds and stocks have been increasing in amount. A decade ago the roads were very prosperous, and added to their capitalization by issues of unpaid-for shares and of bonds at a discount. It was believed that the then prosperity would be permanent, and as a consequence of that belief speculative enterprises in connection with the companies were undertaken. In some cases there was actual fraud, by which directors and officers made illegitimate sums by "unloading" non-paying properties upon the company. Oftener, however, heavy losses were incurred because of the bad judgment used in the extension of lines, the building of unprofitable branches, and the like. In this way, and also because of the rightful increase of funded debt to pay for the facilities needed to handle promptly and economically the growing volume of business, it came about that there has been of late years a steady and alarming increase in railroad debts. With falling profits and rising interest charges, there would in any case have come a time when these would have crossed each other.

Our present period of depression has accentuated the danger. Such large corporations as railways do not easily succumb. Their resisting powers, because of good credit, are great. They are tempted, therefore, in times like these to enforce economies which they know can be but temporary expedients. If the road-bed, track, and equipment have been kept in good condition, repairs and renewals may for a while be postponed, though these, when made, usually cost two or three times the sums originally necessary. Advantage is also taken of undecided questions in accounting to show surpluses in the income tables, often by additions to the floating debt. In these and similar ways the solvent companies hope to tide over the existing depression, looking to future profits to make up present losses. It is a knowledge of these facts which leads financial men and well-informed investors to entertain a feeling of doubt as to the immediate future.

It is not possible for any one to tell how the present situation will resolve itself. Profits and capitalization are now in antagonism. Which shall be the first to yield, and when, no one can yet say. Whatever the merits of the old Granger controversy between the farmers and the carriers, it is a fact that our railways to-day need protection more than do our travellers and shippers. Whether they will receive so much consideration from State and Federal legislatures is uncertain.

Prosperity will unquestionably come again to the United States; that it will restore railway profits is the expectation. But if that prosperity is long delayed, or if the railways are in the future asked to carry increasing tonnage at rates which do not allow more than the present proportion of net earnings, then a further readjustment of capitalization seems inevitable. This result, with its losses to holders of railway bonds and shares, it is sincerely to be hoped we may escape.

THOMAS L. GREENE.



THE RADNOR HOUNDS.—From a Photograph by Schreiber & Son.

AMATEVR SPORT

The bicycle records published last week have not yet been verified. A revised table will be published next week.

The hunting season of '93 records steady progress in the United States of this sport with horse, hound, and horn. Two new clubs have been organized, but it is not in this direction, so much as in the increased fields of clubs already established, that riding to hounds has shown its advancement. Every one of the Masters from whom I have heard sends the same report. In one or two instances, especially in the two older Long Island clubs, the fields have been smaller, owing to absence of some of the regular riders, and the close money market that has kept others from enjoying the sport. But this state of affairs has been the exception, the rule being that the clubs throughout the country have furnished first-class sport, the fields have been larger, and the continual improvement of the hounds marked.

The Genesee Valley Hunt is pretty generally conceded to furnish the best sport of all the clubs in the country, though this is disputed by the Radnor Hunt, near Philadelphia. Certain it is that Genesee is favored beyond any other by its exceptionally beautiful country. The Genesee Valley, in Livingston County, New York, is properly considered the most attractive in a State which abounds in picturesque country. The live fox is hunted, and about every other man in the county is an accomplished horseman. Besides which this particular strip of country is famous for its horseflesh, and many of the mounts of the other clubs come from the breeders of this section. The fields are very large—undoubtedly the largest brought together by any pack of hounds in the country. It is not an unusual thing for as many as seventy-five riders to gather at the throw-off. Indeed, the Genesee Valley people think that their country furnishes about the best sport on this side of the Atlantic, and they are not a long way from fact.

This season has been a particularly successful one. Throughout the months of October, November, and December there have never been less than two runs every week, and usually three. As a general thing they are obliged to omit meetings early in December, but this has been an exceptional year, for the ground at that period was covered with just a nice tracking snow, not too deep to gallop over. The Master, Mr. W. A. Wadsworth, has added largely to his pack, so that they have usually taken out this season some forty odd hounds, and as foxes have been plentiful, there has rarely been a blank day. The going has been especially good, and the fields even uncomfortably large, fifty, sixty, and sometimes seventy not being uncommon.

The Radnor Hounds have never flourished under any Master as under the present one, Charles E. Mather, and the current season has been the most successful in their history. During Mr. Mather's incumbency he has been not only improving the pack steadily from year to year, but popularizing the sport in the surrounding country. This has been, however, the lighter part of his task; for the people in this section of Pennsylvania long ago declared in favor of fox-hunting. In sport furnished, the club stands certainly next to the Genesee Valley. The Philadelphians consider Radnor the Leicestershire of America, and those who have hunted the English country and the Radnor are inclined to agree with them. A run with the Genesee Valley hounds one week, and with the Radnor the next, leaves us in a quandary as to which has furnished the better sport; and probably, after all, it is purely a matter of one's individual liking. The Genesee is a wilder country, and this will always appeal strongly to the man who from one cause or another has lived in the mountains and loves them. Not that the Genesee country reminds one of the Rockies, but there is more of it "out-doors" than the Radnor country. Both furnish good sport, and are flourishing clubs.

The Radnor Hounds have been hunted regularly three times a week since October 1st, and will continue, weather permitting, until March 10th. Foxes have never been so plentiful as this year, a blank day being unknown. The fields were never so large, and have been rewarded with many long, hard runs.

The feature of this season has been the hard riding of the Misses Cassatt and Berwind, who have kept in the first flight every time they have been out, which was usually once a week. The regular riders include E. F. Beale, J. Tyson Morris, B. F. Clyde, L. C. Attemus, Thomas Clyde, John R. Valentine, Maskell Ewing, E. Cassatt, R. C. Ellison, F. L. Bond, M. Strawbridge, J. Frank McFadden, P. S. P. Randolph, and Carroll Smyth. Mr. Mather has hunted the hounds himself, and the pack now numbers forty-two couple, including the new entry of their own breed and the importations of this year. Besides this they have been very fortunate with their puppies, and have twenty-five couple. The pack in looks and performance is certainly one of the best in America. Hunting has made great strides in the Radnor country, and is gradually interesting the entire community.

The Elk Ridge Fox-hunting Club at Baltimore, under the Mastership of G. F. Hopkins, Jun., is in a flourishing condition, and has just closed its most successful season. It has twenty couple of hounds, and, out of a membership of about two hundred, forty active riders. It is reported to have one of the best whips in the country, who formerly served in the same capacity for the Duke of Richmond. The season has given some very fine sport, as foxes have been plentiful, especially on the line of the P. W. and B. Railroad, where the club hunts most frequently. The most regular riders of the season have been Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Jackson, Mr. and Mrs. Ross Whistler, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Whistler, Mr. and Miss George, Miss Charlotte Williams, Miss Merryman, the Messrs. J. C. Cooper, Alex. Brown, W. S. G. Williams, J. A. Ulman, Baldwin, Isaac Tyson, D. S. Gittings, H. Farber, Charles Spence, John McHenry, Eugene Levering, and Robert Sloan.

One of the most notable additions to hunt clubs is the one recently established at Annapolis, where Mr. S. S. Howland has taken his hounds and horses for the winter. It is a historical and a very good country, well fenced, and full of foxes, and has the advantage of being sandy, so that frosts will have little effect. In addition to Mr. Howland's pack (the Belwood Hounds), he has sent over to England for some twenty couple of the very best. The farmers are all with Mr. Howland, and there is every prospect for some genuinely good sport this winter. Although it is a private pack, the Master invites every man interested in sport to hunt with him, and has taken down about twenty of his best hunters, and may let out some of them to men who do not care to bring down their own horses, provided, always, they know how to ride. There will be no subscription list, and no club. Annapolis is only sixty minutes from Washington and Baltimore, and therefore very accessible to those who live in either city. Mr. Howland's departure will give men an opportunity of enjoying real fox-hunting near New York during the winter months, so that those who want a change of air, and do not care to go down to stupid Florida, where sport is rather scarce, can go to the national capital and have all they want. Washington, by-the-bye, seems gradually becoming quite a winter resort.

Still another Southern club, and one which has had a flourishing season, is the Warrenton Hunt. Up to Christmas it had a few days with wild foxes, and regular runs with the drag twice a week, having missed but twice, owing to stormy weather. Its season is not yet half over, for, being much more favorably situated than most of the clubs so far as weather in winter is concerned, there is seldom snow or frost to keep the hounds in kennel more than a few days early in the year, and in consequence February and March furnish some of the best sport. At this time of the season, too, wild foxes move more freely than in the autumn, and it is generally then that they have their best runs. The club has eight couple of well-bred fox-hounds, which are giving every satisfaction as to pace, music, and steadiness. "Skirters" and "riders" do not trouble them, while the horses, good goers as they are, have frequently all they can do to keep on even terms. The pace, as a matter of fact, is very fast.

The meetings always call out a goodly assemblage of women, and the Master, J. K. Maddux, writes me that "any of our Northern hunting friends would find sport here in quantity and quality sufficient for any man who means 'going' at the time their own country is under snow or frost-bound, and they will receive a hearty welcome." Besides occasional riders, the members who follow the hounds regularly are the master, Mr. Maddux, and Messrs. G. B. Stone, E. A. Cooper, F. A. B. Portman, E. E. Gwynne, E. Wade, W. Raymond, A. Blackwell, N. B. Bevan, A. Benner, J. S. Gaines, E. O. Hayes, J. Keith, E. G. Randolph, G. W. Nelson, and H. C. Spillman.

The Chevy-Chase Hunt is a country club organized about two years ago. It is located near Chevy-Chase, a Maryland village about five miles from Washington. A pack of hounds is maintained, and for two seasons the hunting has been a very popular and steadily increasing sport. The pack has been improved, and there is every prospect of a good and permanent kennel being the result. They hunt on an average of two days a week, very often the live fox. The Monmouth County pack, with about twelve horses, has recently been added, and much good sport is expected during the next two months, besides which there is some prospect of starting polo in the spring. Henry M. Earle is the Master, and among those who hunt regularly are the Misses Newland, Gordon Cumming, and McCulloch, and Messrs. Butterfield, Thompson, Gordon-Cumming, Moore, Heese, Lewis

"AMERICAN GAME BIRDS."—By Gurdon Trumbull.—90 Illustrations.—8vo, Cloth, Extra, Gilt Top, $2 50.—Published by Harper & Brothers.

Earle, Evans, Page, Broome, and Barons Grip and Von Kettler.

THE ESSEX COUNTY HOUNDS, under the Mastership of Charles Pfizer, Jun., have had one of their best seasons. The pack has been considerably increased during the last few years, and now shows as excellent a lot of even and fleet hounds as is to be found anywhere. There are some twenty-two couple all told, but only seventeen or eighteen are usually turned out, as, the country being very rough, it has been found advisable to have a reserve lot to relieve those which become footsore. The meets began with the first week of October, and were never less than two, and sometimes three, a week, with Hunt breakfasts, which were unusually well attended. The field was usually some fifteen to twenty riders strong, the most regular among them being Messrs. Benjamin Nicoll, George Day, Norman Henderson, R. Kissel, Jack Dallet, Charles A. Heckscher, Arthur Lee, George O'Reilly, Charles A. Munn, Robert Stevens, W. W. Tucker, J. R. Townsend, Jack Wilmerding, Lewis Hallock, Gordon Paddock, Emil Pfizer, and the Master, Charles Pfizer, Jun., with an occasional sprinkling of ladies, of whom the most enthusiastic has been Mrs. Archibald Alexander, always exceptionally well mounted, and quite able to hold her own against all comers.

THE DISTRICT HUNTED EMBRACED Essex, Morris, and Somerset counties, rather stiff country, requiring a clever and safe performer, as Morris and particularly Somerset abound in embankments, stone walls, railway gates, and of course the usual four-bar fences, sometimes made almost unnegotiable by ditches on both the take off and landing sides. It speaks well for the horsemanship of the Essex men that there have been so few accidents, in fact only three being recorded for the last two seasons. The Hunt, is, strictly speaking, a subscription pack, the Master bearing all expense, and reimbursing himself from such voluntary contributions as the other members choose to give, all of which are assigned to the damage fund. The damages are very often a serious item after the day's sport is over and all the claims of the farmers have been met, but a good word must be said for the farmers of Morris and Somerset, who have been very friendly since the advent of the hounds in their district, and the Master has received sufficient encouragement from them to feel that the sport is insured a long life if it is conducted on its present plan of meeting all just claims promptly and liberally. "Pink" may be said to be the rule and not the exception with the Essex County hounds, the club livery being more generally worn by its members than by those of any other hunt.

THE MEADOW BROOK HOUNDS HAVE HAD an exceedingly good autumn season, and a much better one than they had last year. Owing to the severe illness of a member of the Master's family last season, which kept him out of the field, there were fewer runs than customary. With the new year of '93 there came a consolidation of Mr. F. Gray Griswold's hounds with the Meadow Brook's, and the election of Mr. Griswold to the Mastership. With this addition of Mr. Griswold's country and the regular attendance of the Master the sport furnished this season has been of the highest description—not a run that has not been absolutely first class. The fields, however, have been smaller for several reasons. Some men are abroad, some have been ill, and others have been affected by the stringency of the money market. The hounds and the equipment are better than they have ever been. The Master and the whips are superbly mounted, and it is safe to say that no pack in the country, in its appointments, in its horseflesh, and in its hounds, is so thoroughly first class in every particular. The Meadow Brook country, too, is considered by many hunting men the best in the United States. It differs from both the Genesee and the Radnor. It is more open and more varied than either, besides which it is a "big" country, and takes a mighty clever jumper to be in at the death at any one of the runs. The jumps are stiff and altogether the hardest to be found in the district of any pack in America. Besides this there is plenty of open country, and a run of miles may be had without interruption.

The season opened on September 15th, and the hounds were hunted three times a week until stopped by the frost. There are now thirty-five couple of hounds in the kennels, including a young entry of five couple of puppies. The hunting will be resumed early in March. Those who have been out with fair regularity have been the Master, F. Gray Griswold, Thomas Hitchcock, Jun., H. L. Herbert, S. D. Ripley, James L. Kernochan, R. Baldwin, C. C. Baldwin, R. L. Cottenet, E. T. Cushing, Charles Carroll, Stanley Mortimer, F. V. R. Kennedy, Center Hitchcock, R. Magoun, H. S. Page, R. S. Palmer, E. W. Roby, and A. Stevens.

THE ROCKAWAY HOUNDS have furnished very good sport, but their fields have suffered somewhat from the same causes that have thinned those of the Meadow Brook Club, the last run being on Christmas. No new hounds have been brought out for some time, as they have been breeding from the pack imported five years ago, with the result that last year twenty were raised, and they have hunted regularly this autumn. The regular riders have been the Master, John E. Cowdin, W. A. Hazard, A. H. Alden, H. P. Case, L. Jacob, Jun., Louis Nelson, the Francke brothers, Eben Stevens, E. Gwynne, Farley Clark, R. L. Lamontagne, A. Lamontagne, Robert Wallach, N. Rath, A. C. Tower, McPherson Kennedy, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Wallack, and Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Burr.

From the Westchester hounds I have received no data, except that they have had a successful season, with an abundance of good country within easy reach of the kennels. Good sport is the rule with this pack.

COMMENTING ON THE HUNTING SEASON brings to mind a work I want earnestly to commend to every man who is or has ever been interested in horses. Curiously enough, the very book which suggested my jotting down the publications of 1893 especially interesting to sportsmen itself escaped notice last week when I put my advice in print. And that book is the *Riders of Many Lands*, which Colonel Theodore Dodge has written, and the Messrs. Harper & Brothers published in handsome form. I think I never read a book which is so thoroughly interesting and instructive, without being didactic, from the very beginning to the very ending. Of all the works that have been compiled on the subject in England and America—and there have been many—this volume easily ranks first. Beginning with the bareback rider of earliest days, Colonel Dodge takes us, starting, like a good American, with his own country, among the riders of the world, commenting, criticising, and comparing in a style as graceful as instructive. The chapters touching American and English horsemanship are far and away the most comprehensive and learned ever penned on this subject. It will please American sportsmen to know that on the last page of the book Colonel Dodge writes, "But after passing in review the *Riders of Many Lands*, when I again set foot on shore in the United States I could not but feel that this country of ours is the home *par excellence* of horsemen." It is the cheapest book for the money Harpers have ever published, and the most valuable book for a sportsman's library I have ever read.

APROPOS OF THE EXETER-ANDOVER ATHLETIC SCANDAL, which was treated in these columns some weeks ago, I have received a letter over the signature of Charles D. Booth, Exeter, '92, a member of that year's eleven, and coach of the '93 team, which takes up each charge made against Exeter, and explains it very plausibly. Besides which it attempts to exonerate the Exeter faculty for allowing professionalism among its pupils, and in its turn brings a number of charges against Andover athletes. Had it not been already published in Boston daily papers as an open letter to me, I should have given it space in full here simply that the other side might have a hearing; but since it has been given to the public that claim is at least satisfied. I print the following excerpt from Mr. Booth's letter, however, merely to comment on the growing tendency in preparatory school and college athletes to associate in vacation with athletic teams of questionable amateur standing:

"Several times in the last few years the Stars of Lawrence, a notoriously professional team, has had Andover men among its players. For example, in a Star exhibition game last spring, six Andover men played. Part of the large gate receipts were to go to charity. Did the three Star men receive all the rest? It seems very strange that two-thirds of a strictly professional team should get none of the money. Every year lately the Stars have had Andover men on their team. Though the manager of the Lawrence Stars has given a written statement to the Andover manager that he paid none of *last year's* team, he *does* not deny that he has paid Andover men in former years. He has *hinted* that he paid even *last year's Andover* men.

"Paige, pitcher of '92, '93, and still at Andover, when asked to play on the Stars, replied that he could not, according to the terms of his '*contract with Andover*.' Why should a *bona-fide* student have a *contract* with his school? and what would the terms of such a contract be?"

This matter must be taken in hand by the faculties of both schools and colleges, as well as the intercollegiate athletic

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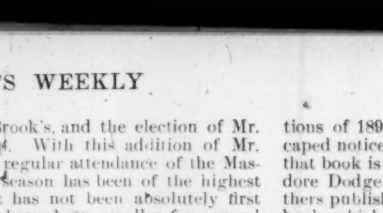

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associations. There must be a more rigid line drawn than heretofore—a line that will leave such organizations as the well-known Cape May nine out in the cold.

THE CHARGES THAT HAVE BEEN MADE by my several correspondents against Andover are of the same nature as those which were published in these columns against Exeter. I cannot give them space because they don't come to me so strongly backed as were those against Exeter, and because the object of this department is not, and never has been, to create mere sensation. The charges against Exeter were published not that Exeter was the only offender, but her transgressions timely, and the only ones tangible. It is a sorrowful fact that of late years professional tendency has been developing in some of our preparatory schools, and we gave space to the Exeter arraignment in hope that by bringing specific charges to some one's door a halt might be called and a reform started. There is no doubt from all that can be learned that Andover has been an offender, even a greater offender, if Mr. Booth's charges are true, than Exeter.

We still maintain that the faculties of both these schools, and of all schools, should be held responsible for the professionalism in their athletics. If they have not been in position to keep an eye on the athletics of their pupils, they should take means to put themselves in such a position post-haste. There is no question that every parent will hold, and has the right to hold, the faculties of Exeter and Andover and of every other school, responsible for the honest guidance of their boys in pure athletics quite as much as in their studies. The son's character is of the greatest concern to the father, and nothing is so strong a factor in its formation as the boy's sports. Therefore we must and will have them manly and honest.

THE FOLLOWING LETTER FROM A MEMBER of a college faculty touches so clearly upon one of the causes of dishonest athletic teams that, although written a month ago, we give it space in full as being particularly timely just at this hour, when talk of reformation is rife:

"I have several times thought of writing to you to express my hearty commendation of your plea for clean, honest athletics, but from time to time have put off doing so. I must express to you, however, my cordial approbation of the position taken in the HARPER'S WEEKLY of November 18th. I have always taken the ground that the responsibility for college athletics lay with the faculties of the colleges, and I have secured clean representative teams in the two colleges of which I have been president. But Harvard, Yale, and Princeton hold the key to the situation. The smaller colleges will constantly be tempted to follow a bad example, the more so that the temptation becomes more pronounced whenever made-up teams represent the larger institutions. The University of Pennsylvania has regularly drawn upon Lafayette for much of its best material, and other institutions have plundered her at their convenience. For instance, I know of a young man of an old Lafayette family who went there last spring from a preparatory school which is a regular feeder of the college. After he was there a delegation from another college came and induced him to leave, paying him a regular salary under cover of certain other things, that he might ride in the Mott Haven games in the bicycle contest. These are simply typical cases. Our rule here, which is strictly enforced, is that *no man shall* play on any team who is not a *bona fide* student with full recitation hours. And the manager and the captain of the team are held responsible for playing any one else upon the team. They have done this twice in four years, and in both cases prompt action has been taken. I make it my personal business to see that this is carried out, and I believe that if the alumni advisory committee and the faculty committee in our colleges would take similar steps, there would be an end of professionalism. So, too, with regard to dissipation in connection with the games in other places. If any case of intoxication occurring at any time comes to the knowledge of the faculty, it is at once punished by dismissal; there is no middle course. But, as you know, a college with three hundred students, however much it may do its utmost, is but a small factor in the athletic world.

"I am a hearty friend of athletics, having played football and baseball in my college days, and rowed on my college crew, and I believe athletics, if made a broad, far-reaching feature of the college life, is one of the best influences in the life of the students. But when the team is everything, and when it is made up of foreign material, it becomes simply a centre for dissipation, especially gambling, and is a menace to the welfare of the college. I hope that you will continue your crusade against professionalism and all its adjuncts, and that you will meet with universal support."

This letter is commended to those who have criticised my assertion that faculties should be held responsible for evidences of professionalism in athletic teams, and in that respect has an especial significance in regard to the position taken by us concerning the Exeter faculty.

The statement made last week that Brown had won a game of baseball from Harvard is incorrect; Brown was defeated twice, 7–5, 2–0, and played a tie game, 2–2.

AT THE ANNAPOLIS-WEST POINT football game I heard of two matters that were agitating the athletic associations of the Naval and Military National Academies; one, the likely interference of the Departments at Washington and the possible prohibition of football; the other, that of changing the playing-ground of the game from the parade-ground of academies to a neutral city, where an admission fee could be charged.

The reported cause of the Department's interference was not the oft-rumored one of fear of injury to the cadets, but the altogether unique ground that the game had a tendency to weaken the discipline at the academies by bringing cadets and officers into closer relationship.

This was altogether so curious a charge that I determined to investigate just how much there was in it, and here is the result of my Annapolis search, from one eminently qualified to speak:

"So far as the Naval Academy is concerned, I have never before heard that football had any other effect on the discipline of the academy except to improve it. The men who play football—some forty in number—pay strict attention to their training, and are not engaged in the usual 'devilry' common to young men of their age and condition. As to begetting undue familiarity between officers and cadets, the notion is utterly absurd. There has never been an instance, so far as I have any knowledge, of a cadet forgetting the respect due to his superiors; and, on the other hand, the interest and attention shown by the officers in the game and its players have had the effect of increasing the friendship and affection of cadets for their superiors. This fact is evidenced in many ways, and the cadets believe that without the aid and advice which they seek from their superiors their athletic work would be unsuccessful. There is not a 'hide-bound, ramrod-spined' attitude in the navy between officers and their juniors, although naval officers and cadets know how to be military when occasion demands."

From West Point I receive from an equally well-informed authority the following very able statement of the case, which I earnestly advise every one to read, whether or not he be of the army or navy:

"The effect of the recent three seasons of football enthusiasm upon discipline at West Point has been good. I was here before a football was ever seen on the parade, but until September, '91, we may say there was no chance for any developments from the game to assert themselves. Since then they have asserted themselves, and the result has been good. It *has* brought cadets and officers closer, but it has been a closeness of interest, not of personal commingling. Sherman as well as every foot soldier in his army was interested in every day's march and every battle through Georgia, but this common interest and enthusiasm did not bring any familiarity between him and his men, nor did it lessen discipline; on the contrary, the enthusiasm and mutual striving to one end made discipline accompish results—victory. The cases are parallel. Discipline *per se* is no better than a table of logarithms; it is the ends made possible, the results daily accruing, which count. The only criticism of West Point discipline possible (I know just how it was in my cadet days, and I was here under the severest régime ever known—General Merritt's) is or was this: That cadets did not (perhaps do not) understand their superior officers, nor the spirit in which they enforced discipline. They believed to a man that an officer was sent here for the especial purpose of making life miserable for them; that he was never so happy as when depriving them of some pleasure or liberty; that he took no part in their ambitions, much less their pleasures. They obeyed because they had to obey, but the spirit of the obedience was not the best to be expected from men of their intelligence. Athletics have not changed all this wholly, but they have begun to change it, and the feeling has grown perceptibly that an officer here does take an interest in their sports, their pleasures, their improvement, their welfare; that their honor and glory is his honor and glory, that he stands for the Academy as well as they.

"As to facts, discipline is now a little stricter than it was three years ago, a good deal stricter than it was five years ago; perhaps not quite so strict as seven years ago. Football has had nothing to do with this; it varies with men and measures. What football has done I have suggested above—it has changed or improved the spirit of discipline, and made better and more intelligent the relations between cadets and officers, but it has not made these relations closer in any degree that I can see."

SO FAR AS PLAYING THIS GAME on neutral ground and charging admission, I should say that here, indeed, is the first actual occasion for the Department to exercise its prerogative. One of the chief charms of this game is the surrounding military atmosphere, and the absence of all semblance of money-making. The game between the naval and military cadets is conducted on the purest amateur basis. May it always remain so. Undoubtedly an admission fee would pay the season's cost of coaching and other incidentals, but the gross expense of the year should not exceed $1000, and this ought to be raised among the officers of the service. The filling of this subscription should be the business of the athletic associations that have recently been organized at each academy.

Annapolis and West Point have hitherto managed their games most satisfactorily, and the former this year outdid all former efforts, the seating and handling of the spectators being skilfully and quickly accomplished. Apropos, here is another letter which touches on this matter in the keenest and most soldierly manner:

"The Navy will never consent to or support such a scheme. The first reason (a neutral point) is of no consequence, but the Naval Academy team will never be permitted to play for gate-money, at any place or at any time, for the purpose of raising funds to liquidate the expenses of the season. When the time arrives that the Navy cannot raise the few hundred dollars necessary to pay coaches and other expenses, such as entertaining and seating our guests, we shall go out of the business. Of our season's expenses, including coaches, seating the people, and many other things, the officers of the Naval Academy gave two-thirds. The rest we begged of our brother officers in the service. More often money was sent voluntarily without solicitation."

And from West Point comes the following:

"As for playing the game in some city and charging an admission fee, the idea would not be entertained for a moment at West Point."

CASPAR W. WHITNEY.

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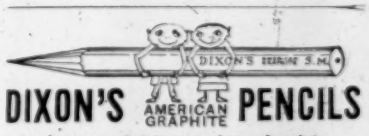

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